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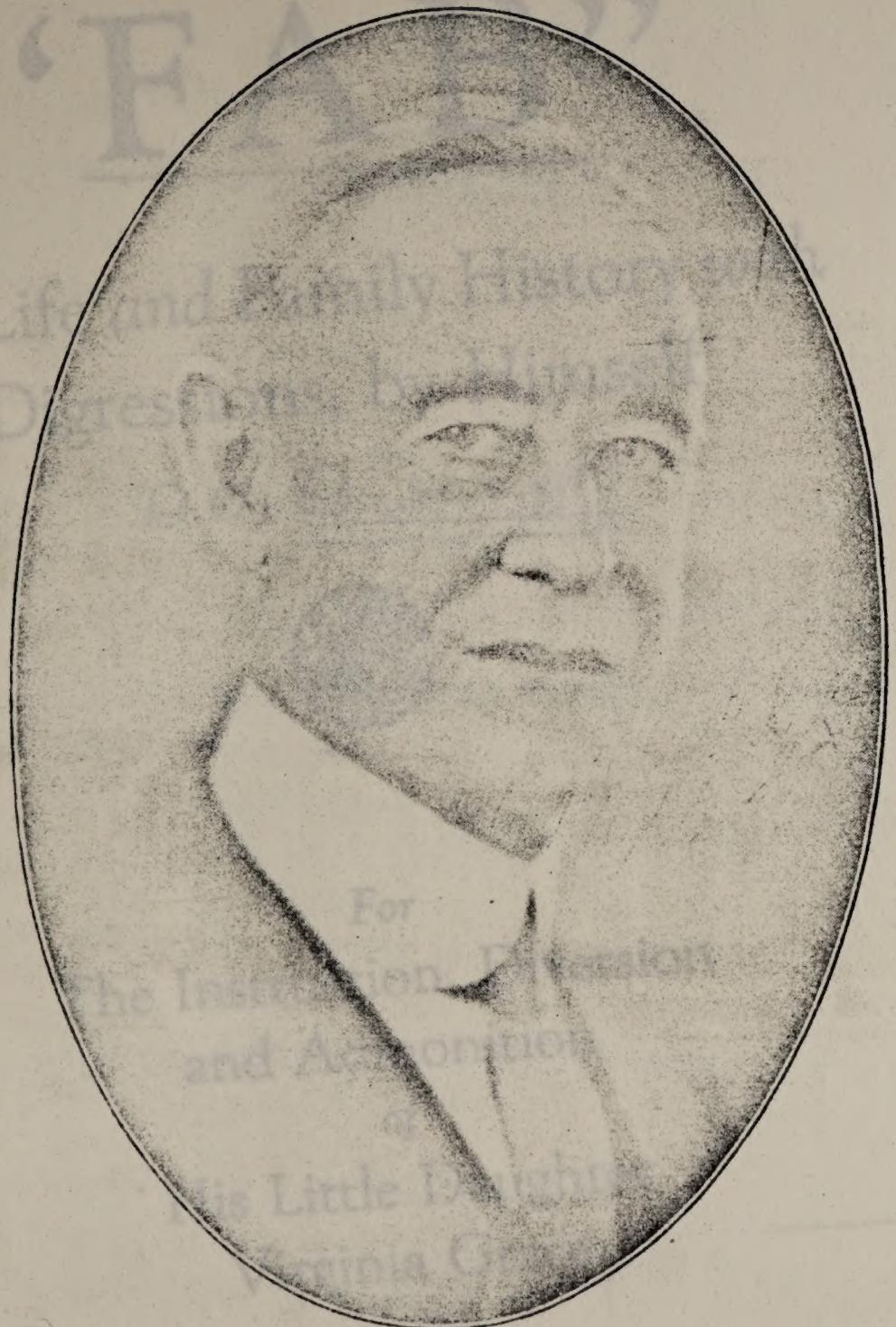
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"FAB"
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1866 -

“FAB”

His Life and Family History with
Digressions, by Himself

D. A. Drebaugh



For
The Instruction, Diversion
and Admonition
of
His Little Daughter
Virginia Grace

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APOLOGIA

*“Some said, John, print it, others said, Not so;
Some said, It might do good, others said, No.”*

—BUNYAN.

Anticipating the possibility of this little volume reaching the hands of some for whom it was not written, I think it well at the outset to warn such that the book is not intended for general circulation, or in any sense as a literary effort, but only as an intimate, personal record interspersed with paternal counsel for the information, entertainment and guidance of my small daughter, Virginia. Disavowal of any literary pretensions probably is superfluous since it is not possible that the book could be mistaken for a literary production. If any such pretension were advanced its style and language, (adapted to the comprehension of a child of twelve), as well as the paucity of its subject-matter would quickly betray it for what it is to the most unsophisticated reader.

In view of the foregoing I hardly can conceive of any one outside my immediate family circle and a few near relatives being sufficiently interested in the book voluntarily to read it. Indeed, the thought of such a possibility produces an acute sense of embarrassment, for the book in its purposely naive details reveals me in a state of moral, spiritual and intellectual nakedness! But if perchance any should by a

perverse fate be beguiled into reading it, I trust they will give due consideration to this explanation, and be as lenient in their judgment and comments as the circumstances would seem to justify.

The "a" in "Fab" has the same sound as in "father" of which word "Fab" is a childish contraction.

D. A. O.

DEDICATION

My Darling Little Daughter Virginia:

You still are a *little* girl with a *little* girl's interests and tastes—and it is this fact that has induced me to begin now this labor of love, for in a very few years, eight or ten at the most, you no longer will be "Fab's" *little* daughter—his "little old pet lamb"—but his grand young lady, fresh from boarding school or the university, perhaps, and then maybe some of the simple things I shall here set down will not interest you so much, or at least in the same way, as they will now; (but I know you will then love your old "Fab" just the same). Therefore I have decided to write down for your present as well as future entertainment and instruction, a brief history of our family and of my own life together with such appropriate comments, reflections and digressions as may occur to me.

It is a wonderful thing to live to the full the life God has given us, to get out of it all of good there is, and to avoid the pitfalls and mistakes which so often have handicapped and ruined others. Those who have traveled life's pathway before us have learned from experience that while a hard and rugged road, it is withal a pleasant one if we but follow it aright; and we should be willing and eager to learn from them how to avoid the errors which have kept them from highest achievement, and to take advantage of the knowledge and experience which has

enabled them to succeed in life. If I, when I was a little boy or when growing up to manhood, or even in later years, had had the advantage of experience and counsel like that which I hope to give you in this little volume, I might now occupy a higher and better place in the world.

To make this book as interesting and easy to read as possible, I shall divide it into a series of short chapters dealing with various topics, all connected more or less directly with the history of my own life; and I shall use as simple language as may be. If at times I "talk over your head," as the saying is, it will be because it is easier for me to express myself in that way, and besides, as already intimated, I intend what I may here say not only for your present amusement, but for your counsel and guidance when you are older, at which time I know you will fully understand.

I want you to treasure this little book as a token of "Fab's" love, and in after years when you have children and grandchildren of your own, I trust they will read it, and that you will tell them how much your old "Fab" loved you, and all little girls and boys.

With love and kisses, your own

"FAB."

Chicago, December 25, 1925.



VIRGINIA GRACE OREBAUGH
(on her first birthday)

CHAPTER I.

GENEALOGY

There is a big word as the title of my very first chapter! Two other words meaning the same thing, but which I suspect you will understand as little, are "lineage" and "pedigree." Each of the three words means family history, or a tracing back of a person's descent to his ancestors. I will now try to make the meaning clearer by giving you something of the Orebaugh genealogy, or family history.

The name Orebaugh is an anglicized (that is, English-ized) form of an old German name which originally was spelled O-v-e-r-b-a-c-h, and which was brought to America a long, long time ago. That you will appreciate how long ago this was, we will roll back the scroll of time for, let us say, two hundred years, and betake ourselves in fancy across the Atlantic ocean, and to that part of the then kingdom of Germany called the Palatinate. Near the middle of the seventeenth century, in the year 1648 to be exact, there came to a close a long and bloody and altogether cruel and senseless war that had raged in Germany for thirty years, which had devastated the country, especially southwestern Germany, in which was the Palatinate, almost beyond redemption, and had reduced the inhabitants to the most abject misery. Three-fourths of the people of Germany perished by

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the sword, by pestilence and by starvation. This war is known in history as "The Thirty Years War." It left the German people in a much more desperate state of suffering and privation than was occasioned by the recent World War. It is said that even cannibalism was resorted to in some instances by the survivors to keep life in their starving bodies; and scarcely had they begun to recover from their sufferings when their country was again ravaged and pillaged by Louis XIV, of France, in another war. Besides, they endured religious persecution, and were otherwise oppressed by unjust laws and tyrannical rulers of their own. To escape their great burden of suffering many thousands of the most adventurous and liberty loving who could make shift to get out of the country, came, toward the close of that century, and during the next, with their families and small belongings, to America, that wonderful land of peace and opportunity of which they had heard.¹

These Germans were mostly Lutherans, honest, industrious, frugal and God-fearing, and they chose the English Quaker colony of Pennsylvania as being

¹There is a book which may be found in the public libraries of most large cities called "Thirty Thousand German Names of Immigrants to Pennsylvania," compiled by Israel Daniel Rupp, purporting to give the names of the immigrants involved in the great migration referred to in the text, together with the names of the ships on which they sailed and the date of their landing in the New World. As a class these immigrants have always been referred to as the "Pennsylvania Dutch," although they were not Dutch, but German.

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most likely to offer them peace, freedom to worship God as they saw fit and opportunity to build anew the homes which had been so ruthlessly destroyed in their home land.¹ They sailed from the City of Rotterdam, Holland, on English ships for Philadelphia, which was then but a small, crude frontier town. The colony of Pennsylvania was then governed by William Penn under a grant from Charles II, king of England. The Germans found there before them English, Scotch and a few Swedish settlers; but there was plenty of room for all, and they proceeded to make themselves at home. They identified themselves with their new neighbors, and learned the English language. Many of them translated their names from German to English, while others changed the spelling so as to give them an English form.² They became good American colonists and patriots like their English and Scotch neigh-

¹The Quakers who then were in the ascendancy in Pennsylvania were opposed to war, and this fact may have influenced the war-sick German immigrants in their choice of a new land.

²Many apparently English names such as Becker, Black, Brown, Brooks, Carpenter, Cook, Crabtree, Fairchild, Fairfield, Green, Greenwood, Hart, House, King, Moss, North, Northwood, Small, Stone, Taylor, Weaver, White, Waters, Waterman, Wood, Young and others, have direct German equivalents, and the origin of many of them can be traced to the old German immigrants to Pennsylvania. All family names ending in b-a-u-g-h are of Pennsylvania German origin. The syllable is the anglicized form of the common German termination b-a-c-h. Post revolutionary German immigrants with names ending in b-a-c-h, have retained that form. See Kuhns German Settlements of Pennsylvania, Chapter VIII., and appendix.

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bors, with whom they marched shoulder to shoulder in all civic undertakings, and in the war of the Revolution did their full part in wresting the colonies from British control.

They loved liberty, education and religion, were intensely loyal to the new land and its ideals, and their descendants today represent one of the finest strains of American citizenship. Most of the older American families of the middle and farther west, (many of them without being aware of it) have more or less "Pennsylvania Dutch" blood in their veins.

It is from this sturdy and virile people that you have sprung, and it may not be inappropriate, therefore, briefly to recount here some of their contributions to American history and achievement. Among the outstanding traits of the Pennsylvania Germans were modesty and an unusual faculty for attending to their own business. Without trumpeting their aims and ideals to the world they pursued the even tenor of their way, accomplishing results that have left an indelible impress on American institutions. They were of a distinctly different type from the modern German with the "Deutschland Ueber Alles" complex. They exemplified the virtues of the German race before it was spoiled by the megalomania of militarism and world conquest. Without desiring to make any invidious comparisons, I think impartial historians will agree that they have in their modest

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and unostentatious way exerted quite as great an influence upon our national life and character as has any other racial element. As a matter of fact they have not been given their just meed of praise and appreciation in either contemporary or modern literature. Only in old records and in the works of a few discerning writers are some of their really epoch-making deeds and services set forth with precision and authority. Most notable perhaps among these writers is Whittier who has embalmed in epical verse the history, the vicissitudes and the virtues of the "Pennsylvania Pilgrims."

The Mayflower was not the only craft that brought to our shores seekers after liberty, whose progeny now constitute the warp and woof of America. On the 6th day of October, 1683, there landed at Philadelphia, from the ship Concord, thirteen German families under the leadership of Franz Daniel Pastorius, a man of great learning and ability, who proceeded to found Germantown, the first German settlement in Pennsylvania. Like their prototypes of the Mayflower, these pilgrims were the advance guard of one of the most momentous migrations recorded in history, and, like them, they "have left unstained what there they found" as a heritage to us.

Few students of American history know or realize that the Pennsylvania Germans were the first in America to make an organized protest against negro

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slavery. At a gathering of Germans held in Germantown on the 18th of April, 1688, resolutions were adopted denouncing the institution of slavery and calling upon their Quaker neighbors to exert their influence against it.

It was of these apostles of liberty and justice that Whittier wrote:¹

That bold-hearted yeomanry, honest and true,
Who, haters of fraud, gave to labor its due;
Whose fathers of old sang in concert with thine,
On the banks of Swatara the songs of the Rhine,
The German-born pilgrims, who first dared to brave
The scorn of the proud in the cause of the slave.

Still fewer people know that it was one of these independent, liberty-loving Palatine Germans, John Peter Zenger, who fought to a finish the first great legal battle in America (and probably the first in the world) for the liberty of the press. In his newspaper, the New York Weekly Journal, he opposed the tyrannical policies of the English governor and was thrown into jail for libel. Continuing to thunder defiance to the governor in the columns of his paper, he was finally brought to trial before a partisan judge, and a jury. After one of the most dramatic conflicts in the history of jurisprudence, the jury, despite the

¹See Prof. Faust's "The German Element in the United States," pp. 45-46; Well's "Outline of History," Chap. 36, Sec. 6; Whittier's "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim."

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bias of the court and the power and influence of the crown, brought in a verdict of not guilty.¹

When at the outbreak of the Revolutionary war Washington was appointed commander-in-chief of the army with headquarters at Cambridge, and the call for troops was sent out, the first force to reach him was four companies of Pennsylvania Dutch sharpshooters from York County, commanded by Col. Nagel and Col. Daudel, who marched 600 miles through the wilderness to their destination. They were pioneers inured to hardship and privation and master marksmen with the long barreled rifles of the period. It is said that when these leathernecked "squirrel shooters," with the legend "Liberty or Death" upon each man's breast, arrived at Cambridge tears streamed down Washington's cheeks as he greeted them.

Not only did the Pennsylvania Dutch furnish their quota of actual fighting men, but what was of equal, if not greater importance, being in possession of most of the fertile cultivated farm lands of Pennsylvania and Virginia, they supplied the army with food. Southeastern Pennsylvania was known during the Revolution as "the granary of the colonies." Since an army "fights on its belly" and since the procuring of food and clothing was a problem of first importance in the prosecution of the war, it is not unlikely

¹For a detailed description of this epochal trial see Livingston Rutherford's "John Peter Zenger: His Press, His trial, etc."

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that the final issue might have been decided against the colonists had it not been for the indispensable contribution of supplies thus made to the cause.¹

Due to Tory and British influence at the beginning of the war, Pennsylvania hesitated to join the other colonies, but the German settlers with an unquenchable zeal for liberty overwhelmed the opposition and brought the colony whole-heartedly to the American cause. There were no Tories or British sympathizers among the Pennsylvania Dutch.

The bloody battle of Oriskany, near the present city of Rome, New York, was fought and won by an army of 800 German settlers under the leadership of General Herkimer. The principal fighting, a terrific hand to hand conflict where steel clashed on steel and no quarter was given, took place in a narrow ravine. The British regulars and their Indian allies were defeated and the surviving remnant of their forces was driven from the field; but the stout-hearted General Herkimer sustained wounds from which he died a few days later. Of him General Washington wrote: "It was Herkimer who first relieved the gloomy scene of the northern campaign. The pure-minded hero of the Mohawk Valley served from love of country and not for reward. He did not want a continental command nor continental money."

¹See Prof. Kuhns' "German Settlements in Colonial Pennsylvania," pp. 209, 215 and Prof. Faust's "The German Element in the United States," pp. 138, 139, 265.

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In proportion to the number engaged, the battle of Oriskany was the most desperate and bloody of the war. This victory was the beginning of the end of Burgoyne's invasion of northern New York and had much to do with his final defeat and surrender. Thus our American-German forefathers defeated the trained British regulars and gave unmistakable proof to the world of their bravery and loyalty to country.¹

Peter Muhlenberg was a famous Lutheran preacher in the valley of Virginia, a staunch patriot and friend of Washington and Patrick Henry. In January, 1776, when public excitement occasioned by impending hostilities was at a high pitch, Muhlenberg, who was organizing a regiment preparatory to taking the field in defense of the colonies, announced that he would preach his last sermon in the church at Woodstock, Virginia. Tremendous crowds greeted the pastor on the appointed day. At the close of the sermon he spoke feelingly of the crisis which confronted the country and said: "There is a time for preaching and praying, but also a time for battle. That time has now arrived." Thereupon he threw off his clerical vestments and stood revealed in the uniform of a colonel of the continental army. The patriotic enthusiasm of the congregation was un-

¹See Fiske's "The American Revolution," Vol. I., pp. 334-341, for a thrilling description of this battle. "In this part of New York," says Fiske, "there were many Germans, whose ancestors had come over to America in consequence of the devastation of the Palatinate by Louis XIV."

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bounded and some 400 men then and there enlisted in Colonel Muhlenberg's regiment. The dramatic action of the fighting pastor furnished the inspiration to the poet, Thomas Buchanan Read, for the thrilling lines:

Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words of freedom came.
And grasping in his valiant hand
Th' imaginary battle brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

You have doubtless read in your history of the "Conway Cabal" in which jealous rivals of Washington sought to undermine his authority with the Congress, and to have him removed as Commander-in-chief of the army.¹ These vile conspirators went so far as to plan the kidnaping of Washington and his delivery as a prisoner to the British. This was during the dark days at Valley Forge when the cause of the colonists seemed doomed to failure. Surrounded by traitors, his troops in the depths of privation and despair and on the verge of mutiny, Washington did not know whom to trust. Even his bodyguard was demoralized by the machinations of the plotters, and he felt that his personal safety was endangered, as indeed it was. In his extremity he abolished his bodyguard and looked about him for loyal men upon whom he could rely for a new body-

¹See Fiske's "The American Revolution," Volume II., pp. 40-58.

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guard. He selected 150 Pennsylvania Germans, under the immediate command of Col. Jacob Meytinger, Major Von Heer, and Lieuts. Phillip Streubing and Johann Nutter. These men guarded Washington faithfully during the remainder of the war and at its close he selected twelve of them to escort him to his home at Mount Vernon.¹

When you read about Molly Pitcher in your school history, you probably did not know that Molly was one of the Pennsylvania Dutch who contributed so much to the winning of our independence. Molly's real name was Marie Ludwig. She accompanied her husband, an artillery gunner, in battle and carried water to the wounded and dying soldiers. She got the name by which she is known in history because of the pitcher in which she carried the water. Her husband fell mortally wounded at the battle of Monmouth. Molly sprang to his gun and loaded and fired it with the skill of a veteran until reinforcements arrived. Her heroism was witnessed by Washington, and after the war, upon his recommendation Congress bestowed upon her a sergeant's commission and half pay for life.

Such was the stuff of which our forefathers were made as shown by their skill and prowess in war.

¹See speech of Hon. C. A. Newton, of Missouri, delivered in the House of Representatives January 20, 1926, where the exploits of the Pennsylvania Germans are eloquently set forth.

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In the paths of peace their achievements have been no less marked.

In education and commerce, in the learned professions and in statesmanship, in the arts and sciences and in industry, they blazed the way for the leaders of our own day and generation. For example, Christoph Dock, scholar and teacher, revolutionized the contemporary methods of teaching by substituting the rule of love for that of force in school management. His labors extended over a period of fifty years preceding the Revolutionary war, during which period he wrote the first work on pedagogy ever produced in America. He is said to have been the first to introduce the blackboard in the American schoolroom. His influence on succeeding generations has been incalculable.

Frederick Rapp, another pioneer teacher of Pennsylvania Dutch origin, organized the first kindergarten in America in 1826. Christoph Sauer, preacher and publisher, printed the first American Bible in 1743. Christoph Witt built the first church organ in 1775. Thomas Reutter constructed the first iron foundry in 1718, and thus inaugurated the great development which that industry has since enjoyed in Pennsylvania. Kaspar Wuester and Baron Stiegal, in 1738 and 1750, respectively, built the first glass factories in America. Thomas Leiper laid the track of the first railroad in America in 1806.

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William Rittenhaus, in 1690, erected the first paper mill in Pennsylvania.

Other eminent and brilliant men of the pre-revolutionary period were David Rittenhouse, astronomer; Caspar Wister and Joseph Leidy, physicians; H. E. Muhlenberg, botanist; S. S. Haldemann, naturalist and philologist; Jacob Leisler, governor of New York, who in 1690, called together the first colonial congress, which was the beginning of the union of the colonies; Franz Daniel Pastorius, founder of Germantown, scholar, linguist, author, lawyer and statesman; John Adams Truetlen, revolutionary governor of Georgia, who by his stern opposition to Tory influence, brought Georgia into the union of colonies, and many others which the limitations of space compel me to omit.

On an English ship named "The Johnson," commanded by Captain David Crocket, there sailed from Rotterdam in 1732 with other immigrants, one Andreas (Andrew)¹ Overbach (so his name appeared on the ship's list)² and his family, consisting

¹The name Andrew has appeared in each generation of the family from the time of this first immigrant down to the present day.

²The German names probably were strange and difficult to the English officers of the ships, who wrote them down more or less phonetically, more often getting them wrong than right. The name as transcribed on the ship's list may not have been correctly spelled. In any event, following the almost universal custom of these immigrants, it has since been anglicized to its present form. See Kuhns' *German Settlements in Pennsylvania*, Chapter VIII., and appendix.

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of Johannes (John), Phillip, Elizabeth and Mata-lina. They landed in Philadelphia September 19, 1732. Andrew was your great-great-great-great-great-grandfather.

From this time on till the American Revolution there is no authentic record and but little tradition concerning Andrew and his family. I do not know what became of them, except that his grandson, Andrew, served as a soldier in the Continental army throughout the war of the Revolution. This soldier was your great-great-great-grandfather. At the close of the Revolution he bought and settled on a farm in Rockingham County, Virginia,¹ some three miles northwest of the present town of Timberville, on which an Orebaugh still resides, or did till within a few years ago. He also received from the state of Virginia for his services in the war a land warrant calling for three hundred acres of land in the Virginia Military District of Ohio. The warrant was afterwards lost under peculiar circumstances, and the land was never located, at least not by Andrew or any of his descendants.²

¹Many of the immigrants and their immediate descendants of the more restless and adventurous type, eager to better their condition in life or in quest of adventure, emigrated from Pennsylvania to the valley of Virginia, which includes the present counties of Shenandoah, Rockingham, and Augusta. Seventy percent of the present inhabitants of Rockingham County are of "Pennsylvania Dutch" origin. See Prof. John Fiske's "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," Vol. II., pp. 408-418.

²See narrative by Eli Orebaugh in appendix. The fact that

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Andrew,¹ the revolutionary soldier, had three sons, Andrew, Jacob and Abraham. Jacob, with his family, moved to Highland County, Ohio, about the year 1828. His brother Andrew remained in Virginia where he left many descendants. Abraham died unmarried. Of these, Jacob was your great-great-grandfather. He was a soldier in the War of 1812, serving in Captain Hamilton's Company of the 116th Regiment of Virginia Militia. His brothers, Andrew and Abraham, also served in that war.²

When Jacob moved to Ohio his son David, my grandfather, after whom I am named, was a young man about eighteen years old. Jacob had a large family of children. Their names were David, Adam, Jacob, Peter, Henry, John, James, Susan, Elizabeth, Eve, Lydia, Delilah and Sarah Jane. Grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren of Jacob may be found in many places in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Oklahoma, Washington, and perhaps elsewhere.

My grandfather, David, married Sarah Caley, of Highland County, Ohio, whose people also came from Rockingham County, Virginia, and who also

Andrew received a warrant for 300 acres indicates that he had attained the rank of captain, since the Virginia law did not give as much as 300 acres to a soldier of lesser rank. See Chap. II., Hening's Statutes, p. 179.

¹See appendix for a table of Andrew's descendants.

²See Wayland's History of Rockingham County, Virginia, page 451.

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was of "Pennsylvania Dutch" descent. She was a highly intelligent and strong-minded woman who lived to be ninety-six years old.

Grandfather David died July 19, 1861, at the age of fifty, a comparatively young man. He was a kindly, generous, refined, idealistic man, impractical in business affairs, and died poor. He and my father (his eldest son, Eli) were the greatest of pals—they were much together, and he told my father, who in turn told me, much of the family history, which I am giving to you here. He and grandmother are buried in the little cemetery at Monterey, Clermont County, Ohio.

David and Sarah also had a large family of children. Beginning with my father, Eli, the oldest, there was Mary Ann, Alfred, George Adam, Roxalana, Ellen Elizabeth, Ephraim Gardner, and John Harvey. Four of these sons, namely, Eli, Alfred, George and Ephraim, served in the northern armies in the War of the Rebellion.

Having read the foregoing I think you will understand what is meant by a person's genealogy. You will see how you are descended through seven generations of Americans. Comparatively few in this country can show so long a line of pure American descent. You are a member of one of the really *old* American families. Your ancestors, though not renowned, helped in two wars to win and maintain American independence, and fought to preserve the

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Union of the states in the War of the Rebellion. No outstanding achievement can be attributed to any, the insignia of high office or of statesmanship have been won by none, the name is not emblazoned in heraldic device,—no gilded escutcheon or coat of arms proclaims the nobility of the family,—yet we can point with pride to what is of much more importance: a record of clean, honorable living, of vows faithfully kept, of duty scrupulously performed, and of unswerving patriotism and loyalty to country. The native instincts of the family are wholesome and normal. You will most always find the Orebaughs on the right side of any great moral or political question. If the family has produced no men or women of surpassing ability, by the same token it has produced no degenerates, cranks or criminals. These are all things of which, in these days of uncertain standards of citizenship, morality and patriotism you have a right to be and should be proud.

May this modest family record be an inspiration to you. Let your motto be, as it has been that of the generations that have gone, "*Malo mori quam dedecorari*," (I would rather die than be dishonored) and may it worthily be borne on high by you, your children and your children's children.

On your mother's side you are descended from two fine old German families, the Mahlmans and the

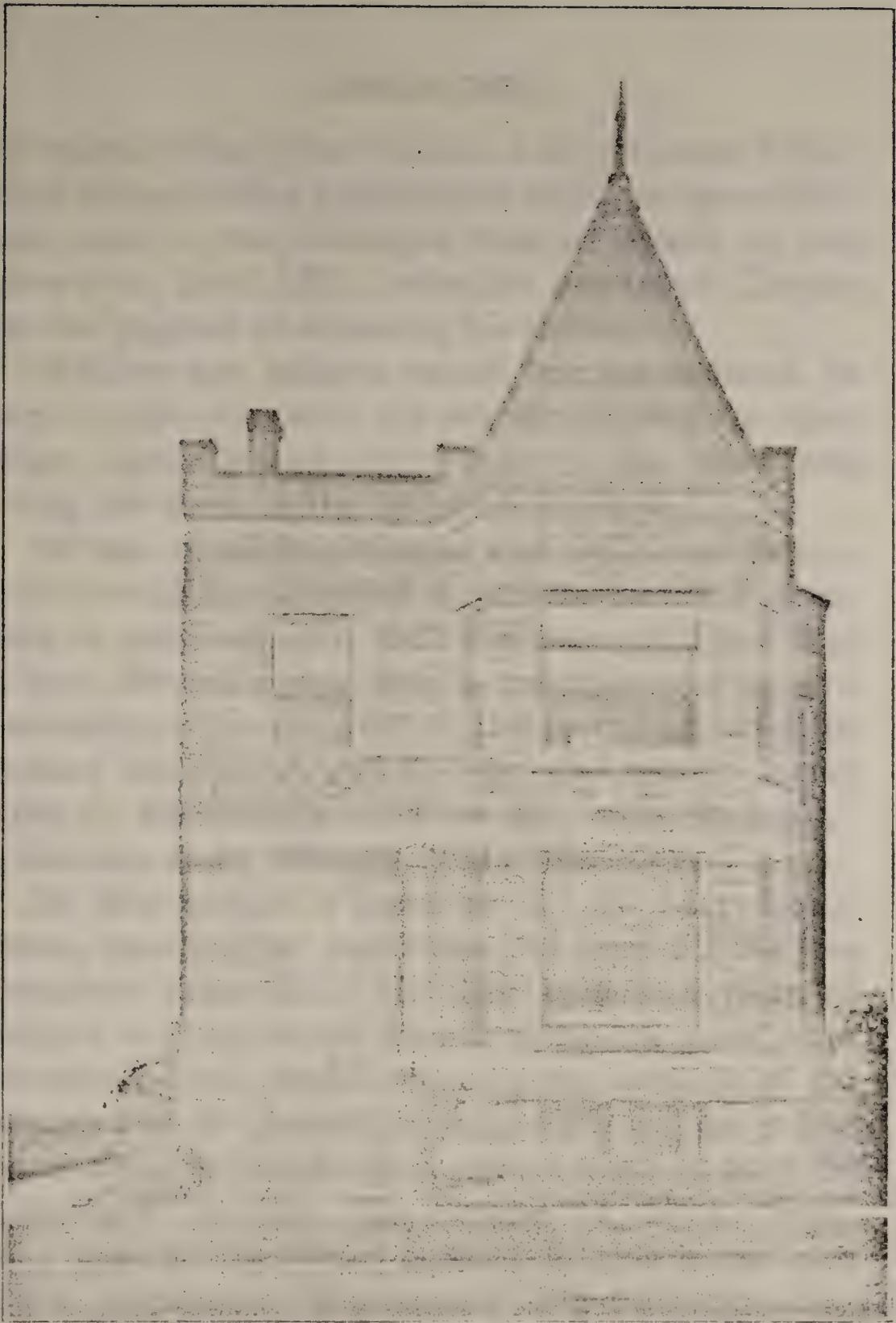
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Wedekinds,¹ the first representatives of which came as immigrants to this country in 1848. Both your grandfather and grandmother Mahlman were born in the province of Hanover, Germany, the former near the town of Rehburg, on August 21, 1835, and the latter at or near the town of Gulden,² on October 16, 1839. Grandfather's father died when yet a young man—only thirty-four years old—when grandfather was a mere boy of twelve. The latter grew to manhood on a farm some three or four miles west of Des Plaines, in Cook County, Illinois. His educational opportunities were very limited, being confined to a few weeks attendance at a country school during the winters. However, he had strong natural ability and notwithstanding difficulties and obstacles became, through his own efforts, a well educated man, being the guide and counselor of all his relatives and many of his friends and neighbors. Although foreign born he retained no undue predilection for the land of his birth, but was an intensely loyal and patriotic American.

His full name was Frederick William Mahlman.

¹Frank Wedekind, a noted German poet and dramatist is probably a distant relative of yours, though I have not had time to verify it.

²I am not sure of the spelling and pronunciation of the name of this town. The Germans pronounce it as though it were spelled G-i-l-t-o-n, but that is not a German form. It is probably spelled as I have given it, or possibly G-u-e-l-d-e-n. It does not appear on any map of Germany to which I have access.



1021 N. Sacramento Ave., Chicago

VIRGINIA'S BIRTHPLACE

GENEALOGY

He married your grandmother, Sophie Lenora Wedekind (grandmother Mahlman, whom you remember) and lived on the Mahlman farm on which he had grown up until 1873, when he moved to Chicago for the purpose of educating his children.

Without any trade or special business training, he came to the city with his big family and by sheer pluck, industry and ability made a fine home and living for them in the insurance business.

He was of slight physique and frail constitution, but through grandmother's constant care and devotion he remained quite well and happy. They were a very devoted couple and he never entered upon a business deal or enterprise of any magnitude without seeking her counsel and opinion and usually acting upon it. He lovingly called her his "rathschlaegerin," a German word meaning "counselor."

He first bought a home at 327 N. May Street, where your mother was born, and lived till she was seventeen years old. He then bought a piece of ground on Sacramento Avenue across the street from Humboldt Park, which was then the outskirts of the city, and built a beautiful two story brick and stone-front home of eleven rooms, now known as 1021 N. Sacramento Avenue. On October 10, 1911, "Fab" and your mother were married in this home, and there, upstairs in "Grandma's" big bedroom, February 16, 1913, at 4:15 on a sunny Sunday afternoon, you were born.

"FAB."—HIS LIFE, ETC.

Sad to say, grandfather lived but a few days after moving into the new home. The strain of supervising its erection in addition to his other duties, wore him out, and when a cold set in he had no strength to combat it, pneumonia developed, and the end of his good and useful life came on the first Saturday night there. This was a terrible blow to the whole family as you can well realize.

By this time, however, the children were all grown and self-supporting. Grandmother and the rest of the family, consisting of Uncle George, Aunt Mary, Aunt Amelia, Aunt Emma, Aunt Mathilda, Aunt Rose, Aunt Louise, Uncle Henry, and mother (who was the baby), continued to live there after grandfather's death. In course of time the family was further broken up by the marriage of first one and then the other—Aunt Emma first, then Aunt Amelia, then Uncle Henry. Finally on July 19, 1901, in her twenty-sixth year, Aunt Mathilda was taken from the home by death. During the five years that "Fab" and mother lived with Grandma Mahlman in the Sacramento Avenue home, three more loved ones were taken by death: first, Aunt Rozina, who loved you so much, on June 7, 1913; then Uncle George (January 15, 1916); and finally dear old "Grandma" herself (July 20, 1916) with whom you had such wonderful times when you were a little tyke, and who loved you so devotedly. Shortly after grandma's death we moved to 4723 Vincennes Ave-

GENEALOGY

nue. The old home and the Mahlman farm then were sold and passed into the hands of strangers.

Ten children were born to grandfather and grandmother Mahlman, as follows: Louisa, Henry, George, Amelia, Emma, Mary, Mathilda, Rozina, Sophie (mother), and Katie, the last named living only two weeks. Of these, all but Rozina, Sophie and Katie were born on the Mahlman farm before the family came to Chicago.

CHAPTER II.

MY FATHER

Unknown in halls of fame
Yet truly great,
My father!
Great in the greatest things of life.
Not great in worldly wealth,
But greatly generous;
Generous in kindly counsel,
Patience and in love.
Unsung in songs but shrined in loving hearts,
My father!

—*Devie Nay.*

My father! With what depth of love and veneration I pronounce those precious words! What a flood of tender memories overwhelm me when I think of him! He was my playmate in childhood, my chum and counselor in maturer years. I regret beyond almost all else that he could not have lived to know you as you now are, and as you have been through the years of your childhood. How he would have loved you, and how proud he would have been of you! His love of children and of all who were near to him was a precious and a holy thing. He himself had the heart of a child in his simplicity and freedom from guile. I am sure he never purposely wronged a single human being. He was generous to a fault—the spirits of selfishness, of envy, of greed, of jealousy, of revenge, were foreign to his nature.



ELI OREBAUGH

MY FATHER

Yet he was bold and enterprising where the interests of his loved ones were at stake—he was always planning and working and venturing to promote their welfare and happiness. That he made no great success in this, from a material standpoint, was due not to lack of purpose, or ambition or industry, but to deficient education, and to a most appalling and continuous succession of unavoidable misfortunes, such as deaths and prolonged illnesses of himself and members of the family, loss of crops (he was a farmer) through adverse climatic conditions, and of livestock by disease. He was a most skillful farmer, far in advance of the generality of his neighbors, but notwithstanding his skill, his watchfulness, his care and industry, sudden pestilences would sweep down upon his herds just as they were ready for the market, and leave him with nothing but debts and sorrow. In looking back upon his unselfish and sacrificing life I am impressed with the thought that he was one of those rare souls of whom it is said the Lord "loveth yet chasteneth."

Throughout all his misfortunes which would have overwhelmed many men, he never lost his courage or his hopefulness, and rarely complained. With fine fortitude and perseverance he would work and struggle to retrieve his position and to again get ahead. Illness and death of five beloved children, besides all his other losses, lacerated his tender heart and cast a pall of unquenchable grief over his whole

"FAB,"—HIS LIFE, ETC.

life, yet was not sufficient to make him give up the fight—he fought on and on.

His modesty, amounting almost to self-depreciation, was as great as his courage. He had no ambition to achieve the limelight. "Plugging away" without bluster or egotism was his method. You knew what he was doing only by observing results. "Mind your own business" and "saw wood and say nothing" were homely adages exemplified in his life. While he had pride in his old American ancestry, yet he regarded himself as naught but an average man—just one of God's everyday children bearing up under affliction, humbly striving to do his duty as he saw it. A poem by Hamlin Garland, clipped from a newspaper, which I found in an old bill-book after his death, and which apparently he had taken care to preserve, contains what probably was his modest estimate of himself.

Here is the poem:

THE AVERAGE MAN

His face had the grimness of granite;
It was bleached and bronzed by the sun,
Like the coat on his poor narrow shoulders;
And his hands showed the work he had done.
His dim eyes were weary and patient,
And he smiled through his pallor and tan
A wistful sad smile, as if saying,
"I'm only an average man."
"I can't be a hero or poet,
Nor dictator wearing a crown,

MY FATHER

I'm only the hard working servant
 Of those set above me. I'm down,
 And it's no use complaining—
 I'll get along the best way I can,
 And one of these days 'll come morning
 And rest for the average man."

He wages all battles and wins them,
 He builds all turrets that tower
 Over walls of the city to tell
 Of rulers and priests of the hour.
 Without him the general is helpless,
 The earth but a place and a plan;
 He moves all and clothes all and feeds all,
 This sad-smiling average man.

Then I lifted my hand in a promise,
 With teeth set close; and my breath
 Held hard in my throat, and I uttered
 A vow that shall outlive death.
 I swear that the builder no longer
 To me shall be less than the plan;
 Henceforth be guerdon and glory
 And hope for the average man.

But I, surveying his life through the perspective of the years, and with perhaps wider opportunities than he for the study and analysis of human character, want here to record my deliberate judgment that, despite his own estimate, he was much more than an "average man." It took more than an average man to pass unscathed in heart or character through the fiery ordeal which life was to him. In all times of stress and trial he was ever sweet and

"FAB,"—HIS LIFE, ETC.

unselfish, preserving an outward calm and courage that in the circumstances was nothing short of heroic. His life gave point to the poet's words: "Sweet are the uses of adversity, which like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

His forbears for many generations had been farmers, and that was the work he was born to, and which he passionately loved. He was a true child of the soil and loved to nurture the growing crops with wise and skillful cultivation, and took keen delight in watching them grow and mature. His farm animals all were his pets, and were tended with merciful care. All of nature was to him an open book—he knew the names of all trees, shrubs, wild plants and flowers, and the names and habits of wild animals and birds. He "found tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

I have never known one who experienced such sheer delight in his work as he, and this love of the farm and of the country never abated—it was an inheritance from his Pennsylvania Dutch progenitors. During the later years of his life and after I had removed to Chicago, he would write me letters and send me clippings expatiating upon the joys of the farm and country life.

I reproduce some of these clippings which give us an insight into his thoughts and feelings on a subject dear to his heart:

MY FATHER

'TWAS VERY LONG AGO

I once knew all the birds that came
And nestled in our trees;
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees;
I knew what thrived in yonder glen,
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—
Oh, I was very learned then—
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where checkerberries could be found;
I knew the rushes near the mill
Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!
I knew the wood—the very tree—
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot,
Only to learn this solemn truth—
I have forgotten, am forgot,
Yet there's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know:
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatsoe'er the fates decree;
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
I'd tell you what my wish would be:
I'd wish to be a boy again.
Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, oh! so happy then—
But that was very long ago.

—Eugene Field.

"FAB,"—HIS LIFE, ETC.

THE COUNTRY BOY'S LAMENT

Would I were back to the low green hills
With their winding paths and ways,
Would I were back to the rippling rills
With their murmuring roundelays.
I long for the fragrance of the air,
For the breath of the new mown hay,
I long for the stillness gathered there,
Would I were back to-day.

Would I were gone from the city life,
Wits its din, and noise, and jars,
Would I were gone from the constant strife,
From the rushing, clanging cars.
I long to be gone from the files and books,
From the office darksome and gray,
I long to be back to the shady nooks,
Would I were there to-day.

Compare the freshness of the earth
To the stifling city air,
Compare the wide unending girth
Of the sky to the office lair.
Why wonder I long for the low green hills
With their winding paths and ways?
Why wonder I long for the rippling rills
And the murmuring roundelays?

—*Ben Ruekberg.*

THE TRAVELER

He says that old time country life
Has never lost its charm;
That steadfast country honesty
Has kept him safe from harm,
And that his country awkwardness
And country bent of mind

MY FATHER

Have kept his conscience working well
And all his feelings kind.

And when he dies he wants to sleep
Where country daisies grow
And wild plum blossoms scent the air,
And country breezes blow;
He says the only thing on earth
That ever makes him frown,
Is thinking what a fool he's been
To spend his life in town.

—J. H. Harrison.

THE BREAKFAST SMELL

Did you ever come up from doing the chores,
With mittenèd fingers and muffled chin,
And stamp your feet on the snowy porch,
And open the door and clatter in?
If you did, I'm sure you remember well
The first warm whiff of the breakfast smell.

Bacon sizzling over the fire,
Beans and brown bread piping hot,
And a fragrant welcome steaming up
From the big pug nose of the coffeepot;
No blaring trumpet or ringing bell
Could hurry your feet like the breakfast smell.

Wouldn't you like to go back some day
To the dear old farm you used to know,
Finish the morning chores at the barn,
Then come racing and stamp the snow,
And into the kitchen rush pellmell
And catch a whiff of the breakfast smell.

—Anonymous.

"FAB,"—HIS LIFE, ETC.

His was an untethered spirit. Gentle, avoiding offense, a respecter of the conventions, yet he valued freedom and independence both physical and intellectual, above wealth or popularity. A striking evidence of this is the fact that being reared a whig¹ or republican in politics he, after the Civil War when everything was anathema that was not republican, broke away from that party and became a democrat, thus incurring the displeasure of many relatives and friends and doubtless sacrificing material advantages. He adhered to the democratic party until his death. He was a democrat by temperament—not in the sense that implies a preference for a low and vulgar equality, but in that higher sense so beautifully portrayed by Whittier in his immortal poem, "Democracy."

He would not give his support to any policy or doctrine, however plausible or however many its adherents, until he was thoroughly convinced of its soundness and desirability. This trait was illustrated by his refusal to follow the political "free silver" craze espoused by the democratic party in 1896.²

He held aloof from the church until he was sixty-

¹The Whig party was the predecessor of the present Republican party, and was merged in the latter in 1856 when the Republican party first was organized.

²In the presidential election of that year he allied himself with the so-called "gold democratic" party, which went down to defeat with the free silver fallacy, and resulted in the election of McKinley as president. However, with the defeat of free silver and the return of sanity to the party he again became a "regular" democrat.

"FAB,"—HIS LIFE, ETC.

"He showed the tender sympathy of God
To his children in their troubles and their joys,
He was always chum and comrade with his boys,
And his daughters—oh, you ought to hear them say:
Father!"

Eli Orebaugh was born on a farm in Highland County, Ohio, June 10, 1834. He was the eldest of five brothers and three sisters, whom I have before named. Southern Ohio, while not actually a part of the frontier at that time, was yet a very primitive community. Flax and wool were still spun and woven in the humble homes of the people. Schools were few and far between and the instruction they afforded was of the most elementary and indifferent character. It was in such schools as these that he got his education—superficial instruction in "the three R's—readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic." But he had naturally a well balanced, finely organized brain. He readily, almost instinctively absorbed knowledge,—not the knowledge of printed books so much as of the great book of Nature and of humanity. He was a great reader especially of political subjects and of the contemporary press. He had oratorical and literary ability and tastes, and had he had education and opportunity probably would have developed his talent in that direction. He loved to read aloud and could do so with superb diction. Among my earliest recollections of him was his reading aloud Talmage's sermons (from the Cincinnati Enquirer in which

MY FATHER

they were published each week) to the family on Sunday mornings. He was called upon at times to read the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July, to the exclusion of younger and better educated persons.

In appearance he was very handsome, dignified, and distinguished, but kindly. He was six feet one inch in height, erect as a West Pointer, inclined to slenderness yet finely proportioned. He had small hands and feet, light brown eyes, and in his earlier years a heavy shock of dark brown hair. In later life his hair thinned and grayed somewhat, but never became white. Before he was sixty he would shave off his chin whisker each summer, but for many years before his death he wore this beard (in color a rather unusual mixture of dark and light brown) constantly, shaving only his cheeks. I never saw him without a mustache.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1857, he married my mother, Sarah Maxfield. He was then twenty-three years of age, and she two years younger. The young couple began their life work together on a farm in Clermont County, Ohio, not far from the little town of Marathon, where they lived for some years. In 1861, the call to arms was sounded in the great Civil War. In the meantime two boy babies (Charles Edwin and Alfred Everett) had been born to them. With this responsibility on his shoulders he did not immediately enlist, but later after the babies had both

"FAB,"—HIS LIFE, ETC.

died and a little girl was born (Lavinia), he enlisted as a private in the 153rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and served till the close of the war.

When he returned from the war they moved to a farm in Warren County, Ohio, near the town of Morrow, where they lived one year. From there they went to Hamilton County, Ohio, and lived on a fine farm located about six miles north of Cincinnati. They lived in this place for seven years, and from what he has told me I believe it was the happiest and most prosperous seven years of his life. Then the family, consisting of father, mother, "Fab" and Aunt Alice, removed to Butler County, Ohio, three or four miles east of Hamilton, where they lived for seven more years—years of sorrow and illness and misfortune, lightened by the birth of Aunt Clara and Aunt Bertha. From there they removed to Brown County, Ohio, from whence after a sojourn of three years they bade farewell to the state of their birth and went to Illinois, settling on a farm near Cissna Park, Iroquois County.

Your grandfather had a rare faculty of making and holding friends. None knew him but to love him, and it was in his new Illinois home that these qualities won him the first real good fortune he ever had. His new found neighbors and friends in the early summer of 1890, recognizing his ability and many sterling qualities, took him up and made him a candidate on the democratic ticket for sheriff of the

MY FATHER

county. They paid the expenses of his campaign and worked for him unremittingly throughout the summer and fall up to the day of election. He was elected by a small majority of one hundred fifty votes, in a county which was normally republican by about one thousand majority. His home township where the people knew him well voted for him almost unanimously. His opponent was an old resident and one of the best known men in the county. The result of the election was chiefly due, I think, to his engaging personality, which enabled him wherever he went throughout the county to win friends away from his adversary. The members of the Grand Army of the Republic to which he belonged, and most of whom were republicans, voted for him almost to a man. He served the county four years as sheriff, and at the end of his term purchased a farm near Watseka and an acre of ground in the town at the southwest corner of Fourth Street and Jackson Avenue, on which was a substantial eight room brick house, and there retired to private life. He was then sixty years old and did not feel physically or financially able to return to the farm, although I am sure he chafed more or less at the enforced inactivity occasioned by his retirement. Town life did not suit him—he missed the wide freedom and independence of the country. However, he kept a horse and a cow and cultivated a rather extensive garden, which kept him occupied and happy in large measure.

“FAB,”—HIS LIFE, ETC.

What a joy it was to me to visit the old home on holidays and during vacations. As long as he lived I never spent my vacations elsewhere than with him and mother. Thanksgiving and Christmas were blessed anniversaries and occasions of much happiness. On Thanksgiving Day 1907, he and mother celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Two years later mother, his faithful loving mate, passed away. I think he was never quite the same afterwards—he seemed to be simply and patiently biding his time till the great summons should come. He told me one day, although apparently in his usual health, how he wanted to be buried. He had expressed the hope that he might die suddenly or without prolonged suffering, and God granted his wish. At about 4 o'clock in the morning of January 5, 1911, at the age of seventy-six years, six months and twenty-five days, his brave old heart suddenly stopped beating, and his soul took its flight to join his loved ones gone before.

Nine children were born to Eli and Sarah Orebaugh—three boys and six girls. The first was Charles Edwin, born June 4, 1859, died March 13, 1860; the next, Alfred Everett, born May 14, 1861, died August 29, 1862; the next, Julia Lavinia, born December 20, 1863, died October 11, 1865; the next, David Alvin (“Fab”), born August 8, 1866; then Alice Kate (Aunt Alice), born September 8, 1871; Emma Clara (Aunt Clara), born April 14,

MY FATHER

1877; and Bertha May (Aunt "Bud"), born March 17, 1879. The two other little girls were mere babes but a day or two old when they died, and I believe were not named.

CHAPTER III.

MY MOTHER

The bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot;
With sword or braver pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a woman's walled up heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But patiently, silently bore her part—
Lo! There is the battlefield.

No marshalling tramp—no bivouac song;
No banners to gleam and wave;
And oh! These battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

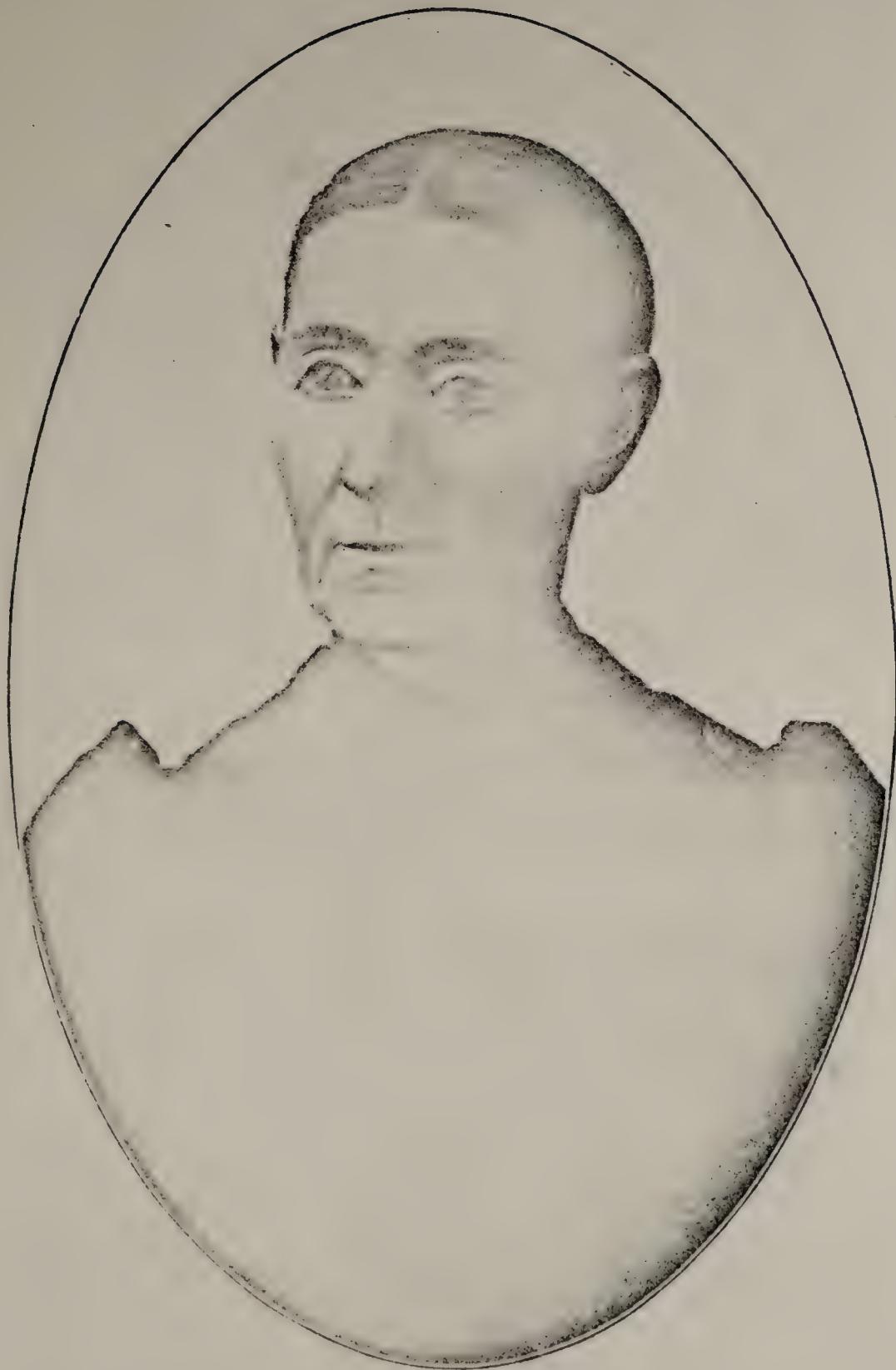
Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars
She fights in her walled up town
Fights on and on in the endless wars
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, oh, mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, oh, mother o' mine!

—*Kipling.*

It is with a painful sense of the inadequacy of words to do justice to her memory, and of my own



SARAH MAXFIELD OREBAUGH

MY MOTHER

limitations, that I begin to write of her who was my mother. I fear I did not fully appreciate until it was too late the real grandeur and nobility of her character. Her patience and self-sacrifice were so constant and so unostentatious that they were accepted as a matter of course and without fully realizing the depth of love that prompted them. Boys and girls I regret to say are prone to carelessness and even sometimes to selfishness where mother is concerned. In after life many a bitter thought comes to them of neglected opportunities to make her happy—of the unspoken word of appreciation, of the little act of kindness left undone that would have repaid her beyond all earthly recompense. I fear I have so offended, and if so, may God forgive me.

Her only ambition was to promote the happiness and well-being of her husband and children. She was proud of them all, and was eager for them to succeed. She told me once long after I left home that in her youth she had dreamed of having a son who would become a lawyer. It was told me with quiet pride, and I knew that she wanted me to know that her dream had been fulfilled in me. In that moment I visioned the sacrifices and toil and anxiety that had brought the fruition of her hope.

Without disparaging or minimizing the loving help of others throughout my life, it is to her more than to any other human being that I owe all I have achieved in my life work. I was not a very robust

"FAB,"—HIS LIFE, ETC.

child as regards health, and it was her constant care and watchfulness that brought me through to a fair measure of health and strength. But it was her solicitude for my intellectual and moral improvement that has meant so much to me. She had a high appreciation of the benefits and advantages of education, and as I can now see was determined so far as opportunities permitted that her only surviving son should not for the lack of it become "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water." She wanted him to be a lawyer, and with that end in view but without avowing it, was constantly urging him to school and stimulating his industry and ambition to excel in his studies. She made it her special task to see that I did not miss school, and that I was always properly appareled and prepared for school duty. I was not required to remain at home part of the time when school was in session to help with the farm work, as most farmer boys were. This was due mostly to her, and the consequent uninterrupted attendance at school meant much in my educational progress. In short I owe to her such education as I have, and which is the foundation and cornerstone of whatever success has been mine.

No man ever had a more faithful, loyal, patient and self-denying helpmate than did my father. Without complaint she bore their mutual trials and hardships, always doing her part and more. No children ever had a more unselfish mother than did

MY MOTHER

we. Yet she did not spoil us with ill-considered indulgence. She exacted obedience in all things, and I am happy to say we seldom, if ever, deliberately disobeyed her. She reserved the right even after we were grown up to criticize any action or conduct of ours which did not meet with her approval. She often said that I would never get too old for her to reprove me if she thought I deserved it. And yet I think she would have defended me against the whole world even had I been guilty of wrong-doing. "Her love would have followed me still."

Patient and self-denying in dealing with her loved ones, she was not meek or passive where their rights or hers were involved with outsiders. The policy of non-resistance did not find an advocate in her. She would not suffer imposition at the hands of any one without a protest. If the occasion demanded she would fight for her rights to the last ditch. She accorded every one his just dues and insisted upon her own in return. In her intercourse with others there was a certain grimness or sternness which was sometimes misinterpreted, but back of it was a heart full of tender sympathy and love.

She was not the type of woman who is frightened at a mouse. She had a wholesome contempt for that type. She was of the pioneer type who with equanimity faced dangers known and unknown. While father was in the army she remained on the farm with a baby (Lavinia) and an old farmhand, and

"FAB,"—HIS LIFE, ETC.

when southern Ohio was raided by Morgan's Confederate cavalry she "held the fort" on the farm, quietly but firmly refusing to take refuge in the nearby town to which all the neighboring women fled. The soldiers swarmed about the house and a couple of officers asked if she would prepare them a meal. She did so, for which they paid her liberally. They treated her with the finest courtesy, although she told them her husband was in the northern army fighting against their people. The soldiers did not molest any of her property, although they took horses, cattle and poultry from her neighbors.

Notwithstanding her firmness and fearlessness she was very sensitive and tender hearted, easily touched in her emotions. Tears always lurked in the depths of her eyes, though I believe I never saw her give way to violent grief. Often have I seen her eyes fill with tears and her face twitch at the recital of some pathetic incident or story of wrong or injustice. Her hospitality to friends and relatives was proverbial and unstinted, and an invitation to "Aunt Sallie's" as she was called, was a rare privilege that was never declined. Whether expected or not, her friends, and her husband's and childrens' friends were assured of the warmest welcome. She was ever ready to share her meagre store, and none went from her door unfed. In sickness or misfortune of her own family or of her neighbors her tender help and sympathy was a benediction.

MY MOTHER

Sarah Maxfield was born in Hamilton County, Ohio, July 1, 1836, the eldest daughter of John Maxfield and Julia Cannon, his wife. Her mother died when Sarah was about seventeen years old, leaving in her care several younger brothers and sisters. She thus early became inured to the toil and privation which was hers all her life. Her opportunities for schooling were very meagre, the common schools of the day (with emphasis on the common) being the only educational facilities available to her.

The Maxfields were a mixture of Scotch and Irish, and mother's mother, Julia Cannon, was of English extraction, though both families for many generations had been American. The Maxfields came from New Jersey to Kentucky, and the Cannons came to the same state from the mountains of North Carolina. Mother had many of the traits and peculiarities of speech of the mountain women of the Appalachians.¹

She had a dignity and sedateness of manner which gave one an acute sense of her superiority to most women in her station in life. I remember how distinctly I was impressed with this at a very early age, and how I drew comparisons, very much to her advantage, between her and neighbor women. This impression was not due to childish enthusiasm for it has remained with me through life. If she had had

1. See "Our Southern Highlanders," a very interesting book by Horace Kephart.

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the advantages of wealth and education the character of grand dame would have set lightly upon her.

She was about five feet six inches in height, rather inclined to spareness but not thin. Her skin was clear and of fine texture, eyes large and blue with a penetrating quality, strong yet refined features, and red hair—not auburn or golden, but red. She was erect and of a quiet dignity. She was always courteous and kind, but was never guilty of flattery. When she openly commended us we knew that we had earned it, and we valued it accordingly. But she did not withhold praise when it clearly was due. She talked freely but not volubly, and I have often heard her express disapproval of those who "would not let one get in a word edgewise."

With the exception of a deep seated and stubborn bronchitis which grew very troublesome as she advanced in years, she always enjoyed fairly good health. But the bronchial trouble combined with years of hard work and self-denial favored the development of *arterio sclerosis* which culminated in a cerebral hemorrhage from which she died Friday, October 12, 1909. I was at her bedside when she quietly and peacefully breathed her last.

Father survived her just one year, two months and twenty-three days. They lie side by side in the G. A. R. portion of Oak Hill cemetery, Watseka, Illinois.

MY MOTHER

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

* * * * *

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike, th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

—*Gray's Elegy.*

CHAPTER IV.

MY BIRTHPLACE AND EARLY CHILDHOOD

I, "Fab," was born August 8, 1866 in Hamilton County, Ohio, about a mile south of the little hamlet and postoffice known as Pleasant Run, situated on the Cincinnati and Hamilton turnpike about six miles north of the corporate limits of Cincinnati. I first saw the light of day in the large living room of a rather pretentious (relatively speaking) hewed log house on a farm which is now, I believe, the property of the state of Ohio, and operated as an agricultural experiment station. The house consisted of the large living room aforesaid, a bedroom and kitchen below stairs, and two bedrooms above stairs. Although I never saw it after I was seven years old, its plan, construction and general appearance stand out clearly in my memory. There was a large old-fashioned fireplace in the living room, in which great logs of wood ("back-logs") were burned. So large were these logs that it often required two or three men to carry them into the house, and a log would often last three or four days before it was necessary to replenish the fire with another.

The house long since abandoned and torn down stood back from the west side of the road about fifty feet, with a lawn and some fruit trees in front of it. South of the house and about three hundred feet away was a large barn and corn cribs. Between the

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house and barn was a tiny brook, over which a large plank was laid for a bridge. West and south of the house was an orchard of various kinds of fruit trees. Out in the field some two hundred or three hundred yards west of the house was an old building once occupied by a family but later used for storing farm machinery. This old house on one occasion came near cutting short "Fab's" earthly career. It became necessary to tear it down, and just a few seconds before the props which held it up were knocked away, "Fab," then about five years old, without anybody noticing him ran through the house. Just as he got through the house fell, almost grazing his heels! If the props had been removed a couple of seconds sooner, "Fab" would not now be telling this story.

To the north of the house a few steps from the kitchen door was a large cistern, a garden and currant bushes. Also a pasture field containing dense thickets and blackberry bushes, through which "Fab" loved to wander. Across the road was a forest with all manner of birds and small animals, and in the summer time, wild flowers. Here "Fab" roamed at will, gathering wild violets, ("Johnny-jump-ups" we called them) and May apple blossoms.

Behind the house was a large "wood-shed" in which was stored the supply of firewood, and in which the hired men on rainy days when they could not work in the fields, would cut and saw wood for

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the kitchen stove. This work was wonderfully interesting to "Fab," and he used to watch the men split the long straight pieces into smaller ones. It looked so easy to him that he thought he could do it. So at the first opportunity, when no one saw him, of course, he leaned a large stick against the "chopping block" as he had seen "Billy" the hired man do, placed his small bare foot on the lower end of the stick to hold it firmly and with a hatchet (he was too little to handle an ax) struck a prodigious blow at the upper end of the stick. He expected it to split open nicely as it would have done for Billy; but alas! he had not reckoned upon the disparity in strength and skill between himself and Billy, and the cruel hatchet missing the stick entirely came down with full force upon the little bare foot! The blood spurted, and "Fab" made a "bee line" for mother, who bandaged the wound carefully and made him believe he was not much hurt after all. Nevertheless, he still bears the scar of that cut on the back of his foot.

At this time my greatest friends and pals were my father and Billy. I dogged their footsteps from morning till night. Billy was very much of a hero to me, and it never occurred to me to doubt his utter infallibility. I admired everything he did, from his skill as a hunter and marksman, to his ability to chew tobacco! The latter I regarded as a very manly accomplishment, and

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one that even my father did not possess. The ease and accuracy with which Billy could eject quantities of nice brown spit into a cuspidor appealed to me as something to be emulated. I therefore took the matter up with Billy in a formal way and suggested to him my dawning ambition to chew tobacco. Billy was not unsympathetic but told me it would certainly make me very sick. Not to be deterred, however, from so worthy an undertaking by the mere risk of illness, I begged Billy for "a chew." He cut off from his plug a piece about the size of a small pea and gave it to me, at the same time advising me that if I did not keep it in my mouth too long it probably would not make me ill. From this small hint I figured out for myself that by first taking small "chews" and gradually increasing them I would eventually be able to achieve a man's sized chew and escape the supposedly inevitable tobacco poisoning. By following this little system I gradually became immune, did not get sick and learned to chew tobacco as well as Billy! I was very proud of my new accomplishment but knew that father and mother would not approve of it and slyly concealed it from them for years. As I grew older, however, I realized what a filthy habit it was and abandoned it.

Billy was a great hunter and woodsman, and would take me with him on long hunting hikes through the woods and fields. On these trips it fell to me to carry the squirrels, rabbits and birds that he

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would shoot. Sometimes I would have more than I could carry, when Billy would have to relieve me of the excess weight. I also had a dog, Nellie, of whom I was very fond. She was a very affectionate animal, but with an abnormal appetite for chicken meat! To such lengths was Nellie driven by this craving that she acquired the very bad habit (for a dog) of killing and eating chickens on her own account. She would kill a half dozen at a time, the fattest and finest of the flock, and leave nothing but the feathers to tell the gruesome story. Mother did not know what was making away with her nice hens and pullets, but charged it up to "varmints." Finally one day father saw Nellie chase and kill a chicken! The mystery was solved—Nellie, despite her affectionate disposition and other fine dog traits, was a criminal of the deepest dye! This realization almost broke my heart. Father promptly "arrested" Nellie and put her in jail (the dog-house) to await trial for murder. The court before which she was tried consisting of father, mother and Billy, assembled in solemn conclave before the great fireplace in the big living room. I was the only spectator, and of course very much interested in the outcome of the trial. I knew that Nellie had committed a very grievous crime and deserved punishment, yet I hoped her life would be spared. However, the court after carefully weighing the evidence of guilt condemned Nellie to be shot. Her previous record of good conduct and

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character availed her nothing. Billy was appointed as executioner to carry out the sentence of the court. Accordingly, the next day, with his gun on his shoulder, leading Nellie by a rope about her neck, and with me bringing up the rear, Billy proceeded to the place of execution in the woods opposite the house. He tied Nellie to a small tree. She seemed to realize that she was about to expiate her crime, and sat quietly down on the ground and gazed at us with a beseeching yet hopeless look. Billy stepped back a short way, raised his gun and fired a bullet through her head. After the fatal shot was fired she did not fall for a moment or two, but wagged her tail, smiled at us forgivingly, then tumbled over dead. It was a pathetic moment, and "Fab's" little heart was near to bursting. I shall never forget it, but have often wished that I could. However, my sorrow at Nellie's death was somewhat assuaged by the fact that I still had Carlo, her little puppy son to whom I now transferred all my affections. Carlo lived to be very old. He was a very wise and good dog, and did not, I am happy to say, inherit his mother's unfortunate weakness for chicken meat!

When I had arrived at the mature age of five years, my mother began to think of sending me to school, and in April or May of the following year the momentous step was taken. I had already mastered the "a b c's," having learned them some two years before from a newspaper which was posted on a wall.

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TO AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH

Little boy of long ago,
You are much too young to know
 What the world expects of men!
Life to you is mostly play,
Laughter fills each happy day;
Oh, be carefree while you may—
 Childhood never comes again.

Little do you understand
What the later years demand,
 And you don't appreciate
Half the blessings that you find,
For your heedless baby mind
Looks ahead and not behind—
 Not until it is too late.

All too soon those clothes you wear,
Made with Mother's loving care,
 Must be laid aside; and so
Every eager step you take,
Every childhood bond you break
Will intensify the ache
 That your heart some day shall know.

I am you, dear little boy,
And I'm trying to enjoy
 What appealed so much to you;
But there never comes a day
That I do not long to play
Back there where it's always May,
 And the skies are always blue!

—*L. Lawrence Hawthorne.*



"FAB"
(at the age of 5)

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I would spell the large letters which composed the name of the paper and would then pronounce them—"Sninsnati 'Mercial," (Cincinnati Commercial.) The school was about one and one-half miles from our house.

At this time I had, besides Carlo, another playmate (the first child playmate I ever had), a little boy a year older than myself named Andy, who lived a quarter of a mile up the pike on the way to the schoolhouse. On the Sunday afternoon before the Monday when I was to start to school Andy came to my house to play, and it was arranged that I should stop by for him in the morning and he would go to school with me. Andy had been attending school for some weeks, and being a little older than I it was thought he could serve as a sort of guide and sponsor to introduce me to the school. So, when Monday morning came, dressed in my little school suit and looking much like the picture on the adjacent page, with face and hands scoured and polished till they shone, and with my little tin lunch pail in my hand, I started up the pike for my first day at school. I was, of course, expecting to stop at Andy's house and have him accompany me as we had arranged, but for some reason which was never explained Andy did not wait for me. I was greatly disappointed, but consoling myself as best I could, continued on my way to school which was yet a mile away. Finally arriving there I entered the yard gate, and proceeded

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to the open door of the school house. The single room was empty—not a sign of life and a profound silence pervading everything. I went inside and found a number of lunch pails similar to my own on a shelf. I put my pail among them, then looked all around trying to fathom the mysterious silence and absence of both teacher and pupils whom I had expected to find there. I learned later that the teacher had not yet arrived and that the boys and girls were playing in the yard behind the building where I could neither see nor hear them. However, some of them had seen me, for when I turned to leave the room I was met at the door by a mob of a dozen or more urchins of varying sizes and descriptions—well dressed, poorly dressed, clean faced, dirty faced, freckled faced and fair—who surrounded the doorway and prevented me from getting out. They had come to see what the new pupil looked like. I stood in the doorway very much embarrassed with a hand on each door-jamb. They silently stared at me, and I at them, in open mouthed curiosity for several minutes. Andy was among the crowd and stared just as curiously and silently as though he had never seen me before! I resented this attitude on Andy's part. I was already piqued at his not having waited for me, and it now seemed that he was adding insult to injury by pretending not to know me. I expected him to greet me cordially and I have a keen recollection of how hurt and irritated I was to have him stand

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there gaping and speechless. Finally the teacher came and school "took up." The teacher was a Miss Benson, a young lady from Virginia.

At the first "recess" I went out with the children and played "blackman" with all the zest of an old timer. A big girl jerked a stick out of my hand which I had picked up, and tore the skin on the palm of my hand. I began to cry and ran in the house and told the teacher that a "big girl" had hurt me, holding up my bleeding hand in proof. The teacher took me on her lap, kissed me and comforted me, and I soon forgot my wound and joined the children again in play.

There were three or four "big girls" in the school who seemed to think "Fab" was a cute little boy. At any rate they made his life miserable by catching and kissing him at every opportunity. Wherever they saw me, at school or elsewhere, they insisted on this as their own peculiar privilege, very much to my dislike and disgust. The other little boys either from jealousy or the natural aversion that boy urchins have for this sort of thing, ridiculed me mercilessly, called me "softy," "sugar-kiss," and other names expressive of their unbounded contempt. I could appreciate their feelings and was not angry with them. Indeed, I felt they were entirely justified; but it was a situation I could not control, and that caused me to hate those girls with a fierce and enduring hatred! Strange to say twelve or fifteen years later my feelings

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had undergone a complete change. I was then as ready to condone such conduct on the part of young ladies, as formerly I had been to condemn it! But then, unaccountably, the attitude of the young ladies seemed also to have changed!

Sometime during the summer after the close of Miss Benson's school one of our neighbors died. Father, mother and I attended the funeral. Other children, most of whom I had met at school, were there with their parents. I was decked out in a very nifty suit of black velvet with knee pants, a coat with belt and flaring skirt and a hat to match, which mother with infinite pains and pride had made for me. The other boys wore ordinary long pants as all country boys did in those days, and were otherwise very plainly dressed both as to style and material. When they saw me it was the signal for a riot. I was both ridiculed and abused. One urchin threw a handful of mud on me. I was another "Perry Winkle" enduring the scorn of the "Rinkey-dinks." You may think it strange, but I did not resent their treatment of me; their point of view met such instinctive assent in my mind that I could not be angry with them. I never at any time took any pride in my suit, and could never be induced to wear it after that day, much to the chagrin of poor mother who was so much in sympathy with me she would not compel me to wear it.

The only school book I had when I started to

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school was a McGuffey's Speller, which began with the alphabet, followed by a-x, ax, b-o-x, box, c-a-t, cat, d-o-g, dog, et cetera, gradually increasing in difficulty until at the close of the book were some of the hardest words in the English language. In a few days I was promoted to McGuffey's First Reader, and at the end of the two months term I had completed the Second Reader and learned to do small sums in addition.¹

In the following September I started to school again, but to another teacher—a Mr. Stoughton. He was an excellent teacher and I made fine progress in my studies. During that school year I completed McGuffey's Fourth Reader, learned to multiply and divide, took up geography, and although only six years old, was about the best speller in school. Great gawky boys and girls twice my age or more, I often "spelled down." I was nearly always at the head of my class in spelling. There were two classes, a primary and an advanced class. At first I was in the primary class, but one day the advanced class were given a poser of a word that none of them could spell. I was greatly interested; so much so that without thinking of a possible reprimand raised my hand and snapped my fingers to attract the attention of the teacher. He asked me what I wanted, and I said

"I have now in my library a full set of the old McGuffey Readers, and not long ago was in correspondence concerning them with Mr. Henry Ford, of Detroit, who was making a collection of old schoolbooks for his private library."

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eagerly, "Teacher, I can spell that word." He allowed me to do so and from that time on I was a member of the advanced class in spelling. Some members of the class were almost young men and women. In those days spelling recitations were not often in writing. The class stood up in a line in front of the teacher who pronounced aloud and in turn the words to be spelled, the pupil at the head of the class spelling aloud the first word, the next pupil the next word and so on until fifty or a hundred words were spelled. When a pupil spelled a word incorrectly it was passed on down the line until some one spelled it. That pupil then took his place in the class above the one who first mispelled it.

The next teacher at this school was a Mr. Clingman. He was not as popular with the pupils as Mr. Stoughton, yet he was a very good and conscientious teacher. I remember him very distinctly; he had a dislocated thumb which gave his hand a peculiar appearance and which had a kind of morbid attraction for me. His term began in September, 1872, and I attended school regularly that fall and winter until the following March, when we moved from the neighborhood to an adjoining county. In the meantime I continued to make good progress in my studies. I had taken up elementary grammar (what you now call English or language lessons) and was reading in McGuffey's Fifth Reader, although not yet quite eight years old. Our schools were not

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graded in those days as they are now, but it corresponded practically to the seventh grade as you know it. If I had been attending a city school I would not have been permitted to forge ahead so rapidly, but would have been held back with the rest of the grade, and only have been allowed to advance with the others. I attribute a part of my success in my studies to the fact that I early learned to concentrate mentally upon my work.

"Fab" was a diffident, sensitive little boy—quite a "calf" as they used to call him, for his father and mother, and for his home—yet it was not hard to get him to go to school. In fact he liked school, and was usually eager to go. But there came an occasion he will never forget, during Miss Benson's term, when he did not want to go. That morning he was not feeling very well and was allowed to remain at home. By noon time he was feeling much better, and mother decided he must go in the afternoon. Father quite agreed with her and gave orders accordingly. However, "Fab" thought it was foolish to split up a day like that, and made up his mind that he would not go if he could possibly get out of it. It was too long a walk to the school and back just for a half day, he was too tired, and I suspect, a little lazy. It was a beautiful day and the woods across the road were seething with the life of the springtime—birds and bees and wild flowers. They all beckoned to him irresistibly. But what to do?

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On the one hand was mother's judgment and decision, reinforced on the other by father's command. "Fab" surely was in a dilemma. His heart was full of rebellion and his little head of plans to circumvent such an incongruous situation. Why, he argued inwardly, should he be expected on a day like this to immure himself for the afternoon in a musty schoolroom when every other living thing was full of the joy of the outdoors? The more he thought about it the more hateful and unreasonable it seemed. All the powers that were seemed linked in a conspiracy to give him an unhappy half day. The monstrous injustice of it all, as it seemed to him, so stung him that finally he formed a desperate resolution—he would run away and not go to school at all! Accordingly, without giving any intimation of his dark design he started up the road in the direction of the school. When he arrived at a point where he could no longer be seen from the house he threw caution and obedience to the winds and wandered off into the woods where he spent a delirious hour or two playing among the flowers and alongside the little brook which wound its way among the trees. His wanderings finally brought him to a point where, peering out from among the trees, he could see Billy working in the field with a team of horses. He had tired somewhat of the woods by this time and he thought how delightful it would be to go out in the field and follow Billy and the horses back and forth.

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The thought was no sooner formed than it was acted upon, without stopping to count the dreadful consequences which were soon to ensue. Billy asked him why he was not at school, and "Fab" replied that he had not gone to school. "Ah ha!" exclaimed Billy, "you are 'playing hookey' eh?" "Fab" had never heard the word before but his intuition told him that what he had done was that very thing! "Don't you know that little boys always get whipped for 'playing hookey'?", asked Billy. "Fab" had not given that subject previous consideration but in his own mind he acknowledged such a dire possibility. He began to feel strangely troubled and unhappy. What an ugly word "hookey" was to be sure, thought he. When he had first entered the field he had seen no one but Billy. However, he now looked about him and on the farther side of the field a long way off he saw another man with a team of horses. It gradually dawned on him that this man must be father, as indeed it was. Presently the team stopped and father began making wide beckoning motions, which Billy interpreted as a summons to "Fab" to go where father was. With deep misgivings "Fab" started across the field resolved to put as good a face on the matter as possible and to act as though nothing unusual had happened. As he approached father "Fab" assumed an innocent expression (which he was far from feeling) accompanied by an open-faced grin, in the hope of disarming father of any hostile

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intention which he might entertain; but there was no answering smile from father. His face had an unwonted sternness. "Come here," he said, and as "Fab" drew quite near reached out and took him roughly by the collar of his little coat, and without a word of explanation began to whip him around the legs and body with the ends of the "lines" with which he guided the horses. This was a most unusual and stupendous experience for "Fab." Had the heavens fallen and the sun, moon and stars tumbled about his ears he scarcely could have been more astounded. To be actually punished by father who had never punished him before! It was one of those cataclysmic happenings that defies all experience and the wildest flights of the imagination. But its very unusualness and severity made "Fab" realize the enormity of the offense he had committed. He knew he deserved punishment, and therefore cherished no resentment over what had happened. This was the only time in all his life that father ever punished him.

I had the usual share of hard knocks and accidents that fall to the lot of the average urchin. At school there was a large rope swing suspended from the limb of a tree in the school-yard. On one occasion a young lady was swinging in it—back and forth she went very high in the air. I watched the performance with great interest and was so absorbed by it that, with the purpose of viewing her from the opposite side of the swing, I absentmindedly ran behind

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the young lady as she swung back from a prodigious flight. She struck me squarely on the side of the head and down I went like a tenpin! I was rendered unconscious and remained so for nearly an hour, and was more or less dazed for several hours. Fortunately, nothing serious resulted from it. The mishap was due to carelessness in not concentrating my thought upon the danger involved in running across the path of the swing. We always pay some kind of penalty when we fail to control our thoughts and to direct them into the proper channels. I shall have more to say hereafter on the subject of concentration.

On another occasion at the noon hour I was scuffling with Andy in the schoolroom. He was somewhat larger and stronger than I, and in the struggle pushed me rather violently so that the back of my head struck against the sharp edge of a desk. It cut a gash in my scalp from which the blood poured in a stream running down my back and saturating my clothing in a few minutes. Andy was appalled—he seemed to think he had murdered his little chum—but it did not pain me and I was not at all concerned about it. The teacher sent me home, all bloody as I was, and I shall never forget the look of apprehension on mother's face when she saw me. After being washed and dressed I was all right again and returned to school the next day.

It was about this time that I had what I think was the most terrifying experience in my life. I

believe I have been in greater danger several times, but the immediate realization of danger was never borne in upon me as it was then. There was an eccentric character—indeed he was insane—by the name of Job K——, who two or three times a year tramped up and down the pike begging food from door to door, scaring women and children into hysterics. Men and boys would sometimes tease him, and when they did so he would fly into the most frightful rages, jumping up and down, making all kinds of blood curdling threats and gestures, grimacing, rolling his eyes and foaming at the mouth. He was really a most terrifying object and having witnessed one or two of his tantrums I stood in a most wholesome fear of him. From time to time I was haunted by the thought that I might sometime meet him on the road when I was alone, but I did not plan in advance what I would do if this dire contingency should come to pass. One evening as I was returning from school along a lonely part of the highway, but with no thought of danger or harm, I saw in the distance a man approaching me. As we neared each other I recognized with unspeakable terror that it was none other than Job K——! I could feel my body go cold and my knees quake! But with what I now think was rather unusual presence of mind in a youngster of my age, I instantly decided that it would not do to let Job see that I was frightened. I therefore put on as bold a front as possible, looking

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straight ahead, paying no attention to Job except to watch him out of the tail of my eye. As he drew nearer he eyed me keenly, hesitating slightly as though he were going to stop. My heart stood still and it was only by the greatest effort of will that I could keep from running or screaming. But then came the climax—as I came directly opposite him he did stop, and when I had got three or four steps beyond him I turned my head slightly to see what he was doing. He noticed my movement and started toward me rolling his eyes menacingly. With one wild bound I flew up the road like a scared antelope. I fancied Job's dirty fingers reaching out for my collar and his hot breath on the back of my neck! How I ran! I am sure I must have eclipsed all speed records ancient or modern in the six year old class. I did not look back until I had run a full eighth of a mile, and then not having been overhauled I ventured a fearful glance backward. Job was standing in the middle of the road not far from where I had left him, staging one of his tantrums. As I slackened my speed somewhat he started to run toward me again, but he soon wearied of the chase, while I continued to run until I arrived home ready to drop from exhaustion. The general impression in the neighborhood was that Job was harmless, and that his terrifying exhibitions were mere "bluff" to impress people with his alleged strength and valor. But this was by no means certain, and it is hard to say what

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he might have done to me had he succeeded in laying hands on me. At any rate he was a very real menace to me, and I shall never forget the awful fright he gave me.

Fab's early life was not unusually eventful, as you probably already have concluded. He has related those incidents which made sufficient impression on him at the time to be still remembered, but I suppose they may be considered trivial compared to the experiences of story book boys. However, life is made up of trivial things in the main, but many times those are the things we like best to hear from the lips of those we love. Hence it is that I am telling them to you in the hope not only that they may interest you as stories, but that they may enable you to form a mental picture of the little boy who many long years afterwards became your father.

I do not recall any other incidents in connection with my birthplace that would interest you, and so will pass on to other days and other scenes equally as thrilling (?) as those I have related. Seven years of my life had now elapsed, and a change was impending which was to affect the lives of the entire family. Father had worked hard and long on a large farm where it was necessary for him to employ much outside help. Although he had been reasonably prosperous he felt that it would be better to move to a smaller farm that he could cultivate and manage by himself, thus saving the expense of hired

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help. This plan was good in theory, but as events transpired it was not successful in operation—but of this later.

CHAPTER V.

ON CONCENTRATION

In the preceding chapter I reminded you that I would have something more to say on this subject. In view of its importance in forming the habits and training the mind of a young person, I think I may well make it the first of the digressions which you will find throughout this book. Many people fail entirely, and many more do not accomplish what they should in life because they either are not naturally endowed with or never acquire the power of concentration. I believe you know what it means—the power to center your whole mind and thought upon what you are doing so as to accomplish your task in the shortest time and most efficient manner, to compel your mind to work for you without allowing fugitive thoughts to obtrude themselves. It may be acquired and cultivated by KEEPING YOUR MIND ON WHAT YOU ARE DOING. Do not sit down to study a lesson, or to read a book, or to draw a picture, or to play a piece of music, or to do any task whatsoever, and allow your mind to wander off on something entirely disconnected with what you are doing. *Fight this tendency, if you have it, with all the power of your will.* If you do not overcome it, it will handicap you throughout life. Your mind will become like an ill-kept garden full of noxious weeds, a source of unhappiness to your-



VIRGINIA GRACE OREBAUGH
(at the age of 7)

ON CONCENTRATION

self and of disappointment to those who love you.

If you become weary from the effort of concentration, quit your task entirely for a few minutes, walk around the room, do some physical exercise, or make a little music, and then attack your work again with redoubled energy and determination, resolved to keep everything out of your mind that does not belong there at that time. Bye and bye you will acquire *the habit* of concentration, and then how easy it will be to work and study! You will then not have to make an effort to concentrate—your mind will automatically seize upon its task and you will work away entirely oblivious of your surroundings until the task is finished. Your memory will also be strengthened. Indeed, concentration is the secret of good memory.

When I was a boy I had to take myself in hand and fight to prevent my thoughts from drifting away from my lessons. But I finally won the fight and became able, when necessary, to apply myself to a difficult problem among the most distracting surroundings.

I hope you will ever keep in mind this little lecture on concentration, and that it may help you to achieve the mental discipline that you will find so helpful in all the affairs of life.

CHAPTER VI.

MY SECOND DOMICILE AND EARLY CHILDHOOD

On March 1, 1873, father and mother, Aunt Alice (who was then a baby) and "Fab" bade farewell to the log house and moved to another farm some ten miles away. This farm was about three miles east of the city of Hamilton, in Butler County, Ohio. It was a small farm, about sixty acres in extent, and the soil was poor. As I look back upon that time I cannot understand why father should have selected the place, but I presume it was by way of following out his idea of cultivating a small farm by his own efforts without hiring outside help. The house was new, we being the first to live in it, but it was not as commodious and comfortable as the log house we had left.

As soon as we were settled in the new home I started to school, about a mile and a half away. It was known as the "Urmston School" because of being near the home of a family of that name. It was on the pike between Hamilton and Princeton. The teacher was a young man by the name of Elmer McC——. If Dickens had known Elmer he would not have felt the necessity of journeying up to Yorkshire to find the prototype of Squeers. Elmer, like Squeers, was a savage disciplinarian. Never a day went by but one or more boys were soundly thrashed and "Fab's" turn came frequently, sometimes every

MY SECOND DOMICILE

day. The slightest infraction of any of his arbitrary regulations was the signal for a trouncing. He was a living exponent of the biblical adage, "The rod and reproof give wisdom!" He kept five or six long tough switches standing in the corner of the room. When a boy did something of which Elmer did not approve, he would give the culprit a nasty look and reach for the rods. Having selected one of the requisite heft and toughness he would start for his victim, whom he would either jerk out of his seat by the collar, or compel to lean his head down on the desk, thus exposing his back, and proceed to wear the switch out upon his body. Sometimes, as a refinement of cruelty, he would compel the boy to go out and cut a switch for his own punishment, warning him in advance that if he did not get one sufficiently large and heavy, he would be sorry. This made the boy feel something akin to a prisoner of war or criminal who has been set to digging his own grave preliminary to being executed by his captors! The pupils were kept in constant apprehension of his cheka-like punishments, and of course learned but little. In my own case his ferocity and unreasonableness aroused in me the most stubborn spirit of rebellion. I would deliberately do things before his eyes that I knew would gain me a flogging. What a contrast this teacher was to the kindly Mr. Stoughton and Mr. Clingman!

My next teacher was one of the best and most

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lovable I ever had—a highly educated, noble, devoted young man named Nathan B. Ewer, a native of New Hampshire, who had come west to teach school. His method of school government was entirely different from that of Mr. McC——. He won the children's hearts and their interest and co-operation in the school, by love and fair treatment. There was nothing his pupils would not do for him. There was a constant rivalry among them to please him and to gain from him a word of commendation. Besides our regular lessons, he would talk to us of higher studies—the natural sciences, geology, botany and zoology—and made us eager to know more of them. At the noon hour, (often stretched to two hours) he would lead the whole school to a neighboring stream where we would search for fossils, such as trilobites, *orthis bifurata*, *orthis lynx*, et cetera. It was he who gave me the first definite ambition to obtain an education. Needless to say I made fine progress in all of my studies under his gentle leading. I was privileged to attend his school for two years. Shortly after the close of his last term, when he was making preparations to return to his old home in New Hampshire, the poor fellow took typhoid fever and died.

My instruction at this period was not limited to my school studies. On Sundays I attended Sunday School of the United Brethren Church about a mile from our home. I am bound to say that this attendance was under protest on my part and almost under

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compulsion. However, when I recall the circumstances and the character of the instruction I received, I get the same reaction I got then—a feeling of distaste amounting almost to revulsion.

My teacher was a young farmer of the neighborhood, well meaning but incompetent, whose conception of his duties was to initiate a contest among the pupils of his class in committing to memory verses from the Bible. He offered a prize of \$2 to the pupil who would memorize and recite the greatest number of verses during the summer months. This made it easy for the teacher, who, instead of expounding the Bible truths to his pupils had nothing to do but listen to them recite verses! Mother, without much considering, I think, the effect it might have on him, thought this a good opportunity for her "infant phenomenon" to get first hand knowledge of the scriptures and at the same time demonstrate his intellectual superiority, of his possession of which she in her maternal pride was quite convinced. Accordingly, I was entered as one of the contestants. It became my painful task to memorize forty verses each week and recite them letter perfect on Sunday. Every afternoon I was banished to my room above stairs where for three or four hours I applied myself to study. If you will look at the picture of the old house which you have in your album you will see an upstairs window, just within which "Fab" toiled

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and moiled through many a golden vacation hour which to him seemed worse than wasted.

The contest was a free-for-all but finally narrowed down to a struggle between myself and Clara M——, a bright little girl, my most vivid recollection of whom is that she had one black eye and one blue one. At length, through "main strength and awkwardness" I wore down Clara's persistence and was declared the victor, having recited during the contest over six hundred verses.

The contest closed on the last Sunday in August, about a week before the beginning of school in September. On the Saturday night before the first Monday of school my Sunday School teacher called at our home to award me the prize. I recall that he gave me a two dollar bill, the largest sum of money I had ever up to that time possessed, but I received it without a thrill. I felt that it had been too dearly earned. Although I could not then put my feelings into words, I know now as I look back upon the occasion, that that was the reason for my coldness. I believe I did not even thank him.

It is difficult for me to estimate just what the effect of that summer's immurement has been on my life and character, but I am convinced that it was not good. I became so "fed up" on the scriptures at a time when I could not understand or appreciate their beauty, that I never afterwards could bring myself to study them as I should have done. The only verse



ALICE KATE OREBAUGH
(9 months old)

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of the entire six hundred that lingers in my memory is that sententious expression of our Saviour's grief, "Jesus wept!"

* * * * *

It was about the time of which I am writing that Aunt Alice started to school. She was the cunningest little rascal you ever saw. Her black eyes were like "holes burned in a blanket" and her skin was as white and delicate as a lily. Her picture on the opposite page gives you some idea of how she looked as a baby. She was as timid as a rabbit—a regular little "fraidy-cat." Strange men were her especial bane. She called a man a "mime," and when one came on the place she would run for the house, hide her face in her mother's apron and cry "a mime's out there." Apparently "mimes" have remained her pet aversion throughout life, since she has never acquired one! For a long time after she started to school she insisted upon sitting in the same seat with me and I sympathized with her timidity to the extent of shielding her all I could from contact with strangers.

The story of Aunt Alice would not be complete without relating one or two little incidents concerning her that afforded us a great deal of amusement. On one occasion when she was about seven years old she had been called by father and mother to do a great many little errands and tasks. She felt that she was being imposed upon and finally went out behind the house in the bright sunshine where she was overheard

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to soliloquize: "It's Alice here, and Alice there—Alice do this and Alice do that—sometime the sun will strike Alice, then what will they do!" Evidently the heat of the sun to which she was exposing herself suggested the ghastly possibility of a fatal stroke!

Another time when she was a little older, during a political campaign she often heard neighbors and friends referred to as democrats or republicans. At Sunday School she had become deeply interested in the Bible story of Abraham and Jacob. Suddenly, one day, she asked, "What was Abraham, father?" "One of the old Bible patriarchs, my dear," replied father. "Oh," said Alice, "I don't mean that—was he a democrat or a republican?"

Aunt Alice always detested school, and never overlooked an opportunity to sidestep it. At one time as a temporary measure it was decided that I should attend one school and she another. I think this was because the school I was to attend was supposed to have an abler teacher, although it was somewhat farther from our home than the other. Alice would start bravely off each morning and return in the evening at the usual time, and the program that had been mapped out for the two young hopefuls was thought to be working out finely. After a week had gone by a neighbor who lived along the road toward Alice's school met father and asked him if he knew his little girl had been visiting in his, the neighbor's, family all day long for a week or more! And that

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is what she had been doing—"playing hookey" by stopping at the neighbor's house and making believe she had been to school! She was not punished, but after that she had to go to school with me, so there was no more "playing hookey."

Alice thought a great deal more of horses and dogs and "tomboying" about the barn and in the fields than she did of going to school. Animals seemed to love and understand her, too. One day when she was about four years old she was missed from the house, and it was feared she had wandered away and become lost. Finally we found her in the stable caressing the hind legs of a particularly vicious and treacherous mule! Mr. Mule continued to munch hay while we, almost pertified with horror, managed to entice Alice away without disturbing him.

* * * * *

It was while living in this home that the persistent and continuous disasters which overshadowed father's life began. The first of these was an almost complete failure of crops each year, due to infertility of the soil and adverse climatic conditions, which served to run him in debt and to reduce the standard of living of the family. Next, father was laid low by a terrible attack of inflammatory rheumatism which lasted for weeks, and left him with a weakened heart that in the years to come caused his death. A pathetic incident in connection with his illness was that in which our dog, Carlo (Nellie's offspring, before mentioned)

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had a part. At one time father's suffering was so intense that he was crying aloud in agony. Carlo, who was on the outside of the house, evidently thought some one was attacking father, and jumped through the window into the room and looked savagely around to see what was the matter. When he saw no stranger there he grinned sheepishly, wagged his tail sympathizingly at father and left the room. He undoubtedly was coming to his master's rescue, and it might have been a serious matter if he had found someone there who was not of the household.

Another incident which happened while we lived here comes vividly to my mind. A neighbor boy, a little, scrawny, sore-eyed Irishman named Joe P_____, a little older than myself but no larger, with whom I sometimes played, induced me to go wading with him in a deep pool in a creek which flowed back of the farm. Neither of us could swim. Thoughtlessly I removed my clothing and waded into the water which quite near the shore was beyond my depth. The first thing I knew I was bobbing up and down floundering, gasping and strangling, unable to get back to shore. I would surely have drowned had not little Joe with rare courage and presence of mind grasped something—a limb or other object—on the bank with one hand, waded out as far as he could and extended his other hand to me which I managed to catch. Thus my life was saved. Neither Joe nor I then realized that he had performed an act of

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heroism, but I realized it keenly when I became a few years older, and even now my heart goes out to him in gratitude. I lost trace of him some time after that and never knew what became of him. His family and daily life were of the humblest, which moves me to the trite reflection that the favored ones of fortune do not by any means have a monopoly on deeds of courage and heroism.

In the spring following father's illness (March 1, 1876) we moved to another farm about three miles distant.

CHAPTER VII.

ON EDUCATION

Since much of what has gone before in this little chronicle has concerned schools and teachers, I think it appropriate here to say something more on the general subject of education, and the important part it plays in promoting our happiness and success in life. While many men and women have achieved both happiness and success without education, there is no gainsaying the fact that the want of it is a great handicap to accomplishment. Other things being equal, the educated person is almost invariably given the preference in the competition for life's prizes. Let two men or women of equal natural advantages apply for an important position and nine times out of ten the better educated one will get it. For a good many years I have had the opportunity to see this statement practically verified. Indeed, so true is the statement that frequently one of inferior natural ability, but having a university degree, has been preferred to one of superior ability who was not a graduate. The possession of a degree creates a presumption that the holder by reason of the training and discipline incident to a college course is better qualified to fill a responsible position than is an untrained and uneducated person, and such a presumption is usually justified. The university man or woman has an advantage at the very outset of the

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battle of life—he or she starts in as a commissioned officer in that battle rather than as a private in the ranks.

However, the concrete knowledge you acquire is the least valuable part of a university training. The real value consists in the mental broadening and discipline—the development of power to use your brain in concentrated, consecutive, logical, sustained thinking. This power is exactly analogous to the physical power acquired by an athlete in a gymnasium. The object of the latter is not so much, in the first instance, to learn stunts, as to develop his whole body synchronously and harmoniously to a condition of the utmost health, strength, agility and endurance. Having reached this stage of development he may demand of his body the most strenuous and gruelling feats with entire confidence that it will not fail him. In like manner a university course exercises, trains and strengthens the mind, making it alert, resourceful, resilient. Who has not been thrilled at the easy strength and exquisite control of muscles and nerves of the trained athlete? And who similarly has not admired the superb mastery of the educated mind over the most abstruse and difficult problems of life?

What I have just said naturally suggests the inquiry, "What constitutes an education—what kind of an education do you think a young person should have?" The answer to this depends, of course, upon

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a variety of circumstances—opportunities, financial condition, and the special natural gifts or talents of the person. But generally speaking, I would say that he or she should take the standard four years' course in a university, leading to the degree of bachelor of arts. This course includes, among other branches, the natural sciences, Latin, at least one modern language, mathematics, and such elective studies as are permissible for the completion of the course.

In your own case, I want you to get the A. B. degree, selecting, besides the prescribed branches, such other studies as will help you to specialize on some life work for which your tastes and ability seem best to fit you. A most excellent thing, and one which you should do if at all possible, is to take a course in some good business college after you have gone through the university. This, together with your university training, would fit you for the highest and most responsible positions to which a woman could aspire, and would assure your success in life both culturally and materially. So important do I regard a business training for a woman that in case of having to sacrifice one or the other (the university or the business course) I would let go the former. The latter, especially if it includes stenography, can be more quickly and readily transmuted into cash, and where a woman is under the necessity of earning her own living, this becomes a very important consideration. Regardless of whether a woman has to work

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for a living she should have some business training to enable her to take care of her own business interests without having to rely helplessly on others.

You should also devote as much time as possible to music, or to painting, drawing, designing, et cetera —mayhap one of these will be your life work. At any rate, they are accomplishments which every well educated woman should have. Learn to dance well and gracefully, become familiar with the best books and authors, keep in touch with current events through the newspapers and magazines, cultivate the art of intelligent conversation—in short, neglect nothing that will tend to make you sought after by the best people. Your old "Fab" is ambitious for you to become a woman among women—one who will be looked up to and admired and honored by both men and women for your learning and accomplishments, and for your sweetness of life and character. He wants you to set a high goal of achievement for yourself—as Emerson says, "hitch your wagon to a star;"—but do not become so ambitious and absorbed in achieving material success that, like so many others, you become selfish and inconsiderate of those less fortunate than yourself. That is too high a price to pay for any earthly success. Make your life count in such a way that the world will be better for your having lived in it. Get wisdom, but not at the expense of your eternal soul. Make wisdom and learning go hand in hand with sympathy

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and love for your fellow creatures. Your own common sense and womanly instincts coupled with a properly directed education will guide you in all this and help you to make the most of your life.

A word or two about colleges: You can hardly go amiss in selecting a school. While graduation from one of the great women's colleges, such as Smith, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, or Wellesley, lends a certain desirable prestige, yet there are numerous schools nearer home that are equally as good and which you could attend with less expense and risk. Among them I would mention the University of Chicago, the University of Illinois, the University of Wisconsin, Lake Forest University, Purdue University and Oberlin University. The selection of a school for you is, of course, a matter for future—quite future—consideration, and if, when the time comes, you feel that you want to and can afford to go to one of the eastern schools, so be it.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAROONED

I can think of nothing more appropriate as a title to this chapter, since it more nearly than any other word expresses our plight in the isolated place which became our next home. The house was nearly half a mile from any road and equally distant from neighbors. We could hardly have been more effectually cut off from the outside world had we been actually marooned on a lonely island.

I still attended the Urmston school although it was about two and one half miles away. In those days in Ohio school "took up" at 8:30 o'clock A. M. and during the short days of winter I had to leave home at 7 o'clock so as not to be tardy, and returning home of evenings darkness would overtake me. It was getting an education under difficulties, quite in contrast with the splendid facilities children enjoy nowadays.

Our life on this place was so humdrum and devoid of incident that I have little of interest to relate concerning it. We lived there but one year (1876) and my most vivid recollection of the time is the presidential campaign of that year when Hayes and Tilden were opposing candidates for the presidency. The result of the election was in doubt for several months, and conflicting election returns throughout the fall and winter afforded about our only diversion.

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News favoring the republicans and received at Hamilton was announced to the surrounding country by the firing of a single cannon, and democratic news by two cannon shots fired in quick succession—boom-boom. As conflicting reports were received every day and sometimes several times a day, the booming of the cannon served through many weeks to prevent us from lapsing into utter dullness. There were no telephones in those days nor rural delivery of mail, and our only reliance for the news of the day, aside from the cannon firing, was a weekly newspaper which we had to call for at the Hamilton post-office three miles distant. You can readily understand how, in these circumstances, the booming of the political cannon was a most welcome sound. It brought an added thrill if it happened to bring the news we were anxious to hear. In those days, only a decade after the close of the great Civil War, the people took their politics very seriously. You should read sometime about the Hayes-Tilden campaign, and learn how civil war again smoldered just beneath the surface of things. The democrats felt that Mr. Tilden had been elected to the presidency, but was being cheated out of it by the republicans who were then in power. There was talk of revolution, and I remember how excited I became when I heard an old gentleman past sixty, a wealthy farmer of the county, and an ex-soldier of the civil war, say that he would shoulder his musket any day in any organized effort to seat

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Mr. Tilden in the White House by force! The boys at the Urmston school fought pitched battles with stones, clubs and fists in support of their respective parties. "Fab" was badly beaten up in one of these "scraps"—three or four boys, double-teaming on him—but "you ought to have seen the other fellows"! The democrat boys would start the row by yelling:

"Wheeler's the wagon,
Hayes is the hoss,
Hendricks 's the driver
And Tilden the BOSS."

The republicans would retaliate with some doggerel or slur equally insulting, and the battle was on.

Speaking of telephones, I am reminded that in October of that year at the Butler County fair at Hamilton, I saw one of the first telephones ever demonstrated in public. In a large open booth under a tree was a man at one end of the wire, and on the roof of a building some two hundred yards away was another man holding the other end of the wire. The man on the ground would speak into the 'phone in a low voice, but within the hearing of those standing near, and ask the man on the roof to hold up his right hand or to make some other gesture or movement which would indicate to the spectators that he could hear and understand. The man on the roof would make the appropriate signs, but he could not talk back to the man on the ground, or so it seemed to me. Apparently, development of the instrument

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had not reached the point where both transmitter and receiver could be placed on each end of the wire; in this, however, I may be mistaken. The contrivance looked exactly like a couple of baking powder cans with a connecting wire or string attached to the bottom of each. The exhibition excited considerable curiosity and speculation but nobody seemed to realize that he was witnessing the birth of one of the great inventions of the ages. In five years from that time the telephone had ceased to be a novelty in the large cities.

Immediately on arriving home "Fab" with two baking powder cans and a string tried to construct a telephone, but sad to say the thing would not work.

The Butler County Fair was one of the famous institutions of southwestern Ohio. It was attended by people from far and near, even from adjoining counties in Indiana. It was a perennial oasis of enjoyment and excitement in the drab and uneventful lives of the farmers and their families, and was eagerly looked forward to from year to year. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday were the big days, and practically the only holiday or vacation period during the year for hundreds of families. We always attended the three days, arriving early and remaining late. Old friends from distant localities would meet there and spend the days in "seeing the sights" and in social intercourse. Each year I would meet boy friends from the old school at Pleasant

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Run. I had besides an especial reason for looking forward to the fair, for on the morning of each day I was presented by father with a silver quarter to be blown to the winds or thrown at the birds! That being the only money I would possess from year's end to year's end you may well know that no pampered child of wealth ever felt richer than I during those glorious days. Sometimes I would spend it like a drunken sailor on one glorious debauch of "soda water" and "cream candy," and in an hour would be broke. On other days, full of regret at my previous extravagance, and realizing its futility, I would expend my quarter with the utmost prudence, making it last throughout the day.

My most pleasant recollection in connection with this home is centered in one day—Christmas, 1876. On that day I received from father and mother as a present a book which I think gave me the most intense pleasure of any book I ever read. It was a boy's book of adventure entitled, "Frank in the Woods," by Harry Castlemon. In it were related the most thrilling adventures, ranging from moose and deer hunting in the Maine woods to fighting Comanche Indians on the plains of Texas. I was so enthralled with it that I read it entirely through before going to bed that Christmas night, and afterwards re-read it so often that I wore it out completely. I should like to read it again, although I probably would not enjoy it now as I did then, it

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having been the first book of adventure I had ever read.

The farm on which we were was quite a good one as regards fertility, but on account of our isolation from the outside world, father and mother were not satisfied to remain there, and so decided to move to another place some five miles south along the old Miami and Erie Canal.

I will defer the account of our experiences there while I interpose another digression upon a subject which has occupied the attention of the great and the wise, as well as of the lowly and the unlearned throughout all the ages.

CHAPTER IX.

ON RELIGION

"Let me be a little kinder, let me be a little blinder,
To the faults of those about me; let me praise a little more,
Let me be, when I am weary, just a little bit more cheery;
Let me serve a little better those that I am striving for,
Let me be a little braver, when temptation bids me waver;
Let me strive a little harder to be all that I should be.
Let me be a little meeker with the brother who is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor and a little less of me."

—Anonymous.

At the outset of this chapter it is well to state that I do not feel myself competent to enter upon any extended discussion of this great subject; such would not be my purpose here in any event. However, as I have gone along through life I have accumulated some impressions on the subject which I believe are not antagonistic to or inconsistent with real religion, and which it will not be amiss to here set down for your edification and possible benefit. My views may be anathema to sectarians and theologians—at least to those of the so-called orthodox faith—but they at least do not detract from the greatness and goodness of the God whom I profoundly believe in and reverence.

What I am about to say is designed to give you something to think about as you grow older in your religious life. When children are your age and younger they must depend for their religion as well

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as other instruction upon their parents and elders. This was so in my own case, but I am bound to say that I inbibed some most grotesque ideas of God, of heaven and hell, and of religion in general. For example, I was led to conceive of God as a glorified being in human form sitting on a great white throne in some nebulous palace of the empyrean ether dispensing post-mortem rewards to those whose lives had been stainless, and punishment to those who had sinned, somewhat in the manner that a human judge would single out the innocent from the guilty. This anthropomorphic conception of God is now, I believe, wholly discredited by educated people.

My childish imagination, wrought upon by old-fashioned preachers and teachers, was greatly impressed with Jesus' parable of the last judgment:

"When the son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory.

And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. * * * * *

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." (Mathew 25: 31, 32, 33, 41.)

These passages, sonorously eloquent and impressive

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as they are, filled me with apprehension lest at the appointed time, instead of blithely gamboling in the celestial pastures with the beatified "sheep," I should be found with the benighted "goats," and destined for the pit of "everlasting fire!" I was depressed at this possibility. I was not aware of having committed any mortal sin, but yet had a subconscious sense of innate depravity which I feared would, despite my struggles against it, preclude my fellowship with the sheep!

The yawning pit of everlasting fire I conjured up in my imagination as a vast crater like that of Vesuvius or Mauna Loa into which the "goats" were hurled headlong there to broil and stew in their own juices throughout all eternity! When between ten and twelve years old I was sent of nights to attend "protracted meetin'" where I listened to the frenzied but well meant appeals to sinners to repent, coupled with vivid predictions of the punishments that otherwise would surely overtake them. On my way home some part of the distance lay across a large lonesome meadow, and I never could cross that field after listening to one of these "sermons" without experiencing a wrought-up, jumpy feeling that I was about to be seized by some unseen devil of the darkness and doomed to I knew not what. Every little chirp of insect or night bird or unusual sound would cause me to start and shy like a frightened rabbit.

As the years went by, however, and I came more

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and more to think and reason for myself, I was able to shake off entirely the doubts and fears that had oppressed me, and to conceive of God as the omnipotent Creator of the universe whose plan of creation included the ultimate salvation of all His children. I learned to comprehend and rely upon His infinite mercy and love. I no longer thought of Him as the stern and retributive avenger of human weaknesses, but as an ever present refuge in time of trouble, as "an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." In short, I achieved a feeling of serenity and confidence that if I did my duty to my fellow-man and those dependent upon me, earnestly, honestly, conscientiously, according to my best lights, I need not worry about any so-called retribution denounced against me by self-appointed censors of human conduct. The golden rule, dissociated from hypocrisy and cant and the refinements of creed and sect, has come for me to comprise the ideal and the essence of Christian living.

But my early religious training, crude and primitive as it was, was better, I think, than that forced upon many helpless little victims of sectarian bigotry. No system of theology or choice of church or creed was imposed upon me. Nothing was insisted upon but a belief in an overruling Providence—in the omnipotence and omniscience of an ever living God. I was left free to choose the channels through which that belief might me manifested. I am thankful that

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my mind was not placed in bondage to any mere human conception of what constitutes religion. I rejoice in the sense of detachment and intellectual freedom that enables me without prejudice to accept that which seems to me good and reject that which I believe to be false, to winnow the wheat from the chaff, to study with tolerance and humility all faiths and creeds, without being subjected to the charge of hypocrisy, disloyalty, apostasy or skepticism.

“It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.”

In many families with church affiliations it becomes almost an obsession on the part of the parents that the children shall be brought up “in” their particular church, and the youngsters are made to feel that their eternal souls will be jeopardized if not irretrievably lost, if they should stray into some other fold. Such a policy is scarcely less reprehensible than is that of some sectarians whose proud boast it is that, given the training of a child till it is ten years old and they care not who has it afterwards—they will by that time have so enslaved the mind of that child that it will never after be a free moral agent. I submit that any training that engenders such a state of mental and moral slavery is nothing less than criminal.

It is decidedly unfair to children to force them at a time when they are too young to understand and

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discriminate to embrace any particular sect or system of religion. I do not mean by this that they should not attend church or have religious teaching; but let the teaching be along broad lines of fundamental faith in God, and not along the lines of sectarian doctrine.

Do not, my daughter, I implore you, get the idea that any one church or denomination is right and all others wrong. "When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more," and we are gathered before the judgment seat of God, we will not, I believe, be asked what church we belonged to, or to what theological dogma we subscribed. There is good in all churches, and you should recognize it. Do not confine your attendance to one denomination —attend all churches from time to time, that you may see and know for yourself what they teach, and after you have arrived at years of judgment and discretion, and not till then, decide to which, if any, you will give your permanent allegiance. Bear in mind that you may be just as good outside the church as in it, and that it is not necessary in order to be Christlike that you submit your mind and soul to the thrall of any church or system. Whether you join the church or not is a question I want you to decide for yourself after serious thought and prayerful consideration. My advice would be that you do so, but be not in a hurry, and be sure your choice is your own and not some one's else. And if

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at any time after having made your choice you become convinced through increased knowledge and breadth of vision that your connection no longer fulfills your ideals or meets your spiritual needs, do not hesitate to withdraw from it and to form some other connection more in agreement with your conscience and your reason. Keep your mind open to the advancement of human knowledge and understanding, and "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

In closing this chapter I cannot do better than to commend to your earnest consideration the following words of wisdom from a learned and liberal-minded Presbyterian clergyman, Dr. James Gordon Gilkey, of Springfield, Massachusetts:

"Learn everything you can about life. Study every subject, and never dodge facts or fear the truth. When you have learned all you can—about yourself, about the bible, about the history of religion, and about the universe itself—you will probably come to this conclusion: A world as great as ours must have come from some Source vast enough to create such greatness. It must have come from a Wisdom wise enough to plan out such intricate adaptations. It must have come from a Creator fine enough to make life move up and not down, good enough to send us a personality like Jesus Christ. God—from whom we come, to whom we go, and in whose service we find the meaning and the joy of life. Reason drive you away from God? Intelligence steal your faith from you! Oh, no! Listen to the con-

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viction of Cotton Mather: "There is a thought which I have often had—that the light of reason is the law of God, that the voice of reason is the voice of God, and that we never have to do with reason but that at the same time we have to do with God. Yes, our submission to reason is obedience to God. As often as I have evident reason before me, let me think upon it. For therein the great God himself speaks to me."

CHAPTER X.

LIFE ON "THE RAGING CANAWL"

So, jocularly, we used to call the narrow, sluggish, artificial channel of water connecting Cincinnati and Toledo, Ohio, properly known as the Miami and Erie Canal, and on the banks of which was our next home. The farm bordered the canal for about a half mile. The house stood back some two hundred feet from the bank, but the barn was but a rod or so from the water's edge. The general locality was known as the "Changebridge" neighborhood, so called from the bridge over which the mules that pulled the canal boats crossed from one side of the canal to the other. Three or four farm houses were quite near the bridge giving somewhat the impression of a small hamlet. Our house was about one-fourth of a mile down the canal from the bridge. The Changebridge was about five miles southeast of Hamilton and two miles northeast of Stockton, a small village on that branch of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, running from Cincinnati to Dayton. The village and postoffice in those days were called Jones' Station, and the railroad was known as the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton.

We lived on this farm for three years, and all things considered I believe they were the happiest three years of my boyhood. I was ten and one-half years old—old enough to take a lively interest in

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everything around me, but not old enough to be burdened with responsibilities. My only business in life was to go to school and have a good time.

I soon became acquainted with two neighbor boys, Kemp Blair and Charlie Jones, one living just south and the other just north of the Changebridge. We became fast friends, especially Kemp and I. We had both read and heard of the friendship of David and Johnathan, and accordingly dubbed ourselves "David and Jonathan," and endeavored to emulate the affection and comradeship of our ancient models. We went to the same school and were almost constantly together. Saturdays, Sundays and vacation periods were glorious days for us. As soon as the weather became warm enough in Spring we would go swimming in the canal, and it was under the Changebridge that I learned to swim. Scarcely a day went by that we were not in the water—sometimes for hours at a time. We would catch hold of the rudders of the canal boats and allow them to pull us through the water for long distances. A diving board added greatly to our enjoyment.

During intervals between swims we would wander about the fields and orchards, and I am sorry to say would appropriate (?) watermelons and fruit belonging to the neighbors. We did not feel that we were stealing, for we had a sort of juvenile conviction that melons and fruit belonged to anyone who happened to come upon them. We knew we were doing

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wrong, however, for we always went about our depredations by stealth. On one occasion in broad day light we visited the melon patch of an erratic and irascible old neighbor who would not have hesitated to shoot or beat up anyone caught trespassing on his property. Our approach to the melon patch was under cover of a heavy cornfield which concealed our movements. Emerging from the corn we would crawl on our hands and knees among the tall weeds until we came upon a melon, which we would then roll ahead of us until we gained the shelter of the corn where we would devour it at our leisure. At the time in question I had wormed my way to near the middle of the patch (which comprised probably a half acre) and had just plucked a large green beauty, when I heard a slight sound from the direction of the nearby barn. Peering anxiously through the weeds I was frozen with terror to see the old gentleman himself not more than thirty feet away looking about for melons. I flattened myself to the ground like an adder and held my breath expecting every moment to be discovered. Fortunately, (for me) after stooping down and plucking a melon from the vine he retraced his steps toward the barn. When he had disappeared I rolled my melon out to the cornfield, where I found Kemp waiting for me in a great state of excitement and trepidation. He had found his melon near to the edge of the field and had safely retrieved it when he saw the old gentleman

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entering the patch. He could not, of course, call to me, so had fearfully watched the whole proceeding expecting momentarily to see me taken by the scruff of the neck and beaten to a pulp or carried off to jail!

This little adventure set us thinking. We realized that its consequences might have been very serious, not only from the standpoint of physical punishment, but from that of moral responsibility. If we had been caught we would have been branded by the old gentleman as little thieves and possibly arrested and disgraced. I am glad to say we ever afterwards kept out of other people's melon fields.

Our house was about midway between two schools, the Morris school and the village school at Jones' Station. The former was a little nearer and therefore I attended it the first year, during which time three different teachers of varying degrees of competency presided over the destinies of the school. The one whom I remember most distinctly was Thomas White, a strapping young fellow six feet four inches tall, of excellent education, and a very capable teacher. White had a great flair for elocution and theatricals, especially of the heavy tragedy sort, and would sometimes exercise his talent with the school for an audience. To hear him declaim, "Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee; I have thee not, and yet I see thee still," was to envisage the horrible remorse of the homicidal king of Scot-

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land, and when he recited "The Rum Maniac," running his fingers through his long, dank hair, contorting his lithe body and glaring ferociously, an impression was made upon at least one youthful auditor that has never been forgotten.

Tom was a peculiar genius with correspondingly peculiar notions regarding school discipline. It was a whim of his never to exhibit anger in punishing a pupil, but to insist that what he did was more in sorrow than in anger, and more to confer a favor than a punishment on the offender! Notwithstanding this magnanimous attitude he would devise the most diabolical punishments, and I know, took a fiendish delight in inflicting them. Having decided to castigate some unfortunate urchin (myself, in several instances) he would assume a sorrowful expression and in mild tones say something like this: "David, I am very sorry to see that your welfare is being sadly neglected. You need correction, and although it breaks my heart to do it, I feel that I must administer it. But it will be only for your own good and when it is all over I know you will thank me for it. Come here." The culprit would then advance tremblingly and Tom would hand him two heavy books saying in honeyed tones: "Now, here are two books. They are very good books, not only on account of what they contain, but because of the manifold uses to which they may be put. For example, take one in each hand and hold them both out at

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arms' length until I tell you to put them down,—so," suiting the action to the word. Presently the arms would begin to sag under the heavy weight, whereupon Tom, approaching with a ruler in his hand would say almost tearfully: "David, this is too bad. I see you are bound to be disobedient; I meant that you were to keep your arms straight. Let me help you to do so," accompanying his words with a smart rap across the arm with the ruler. The tired arms would straighten up under the stimulus of the ruler, sag again, be rapped again and again after mocking protestations of sympathy on the teacher's part, until from sheer exhaustion the books would fall to the floor. The pupil would then be either soundly paddled with the ruler or allowed to return to his seat. Tom's attitude in these matters was a queer mixture of principle and retaliation. We felt that he was not only insincere in his avowals of sympathy and interest in our welfare, but that he did not want us to think he was otherwise. It was merely his method of adding a sting to his punishments, and from which he derived a great deal of sardonic gratification. But he was not altogether unjust, for he never resorted to these unique methods unless the pupil deserved punishment. He was a splendid teacher, and I owe a great deal to him although I attended his school but a few months.

My next teacher was a young lady by the name of Alice Hawthorne. She taught a spring term of the

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Morris School following Mr. White. As I now recall it that spring was unusually beautiful. The long sunshiny days and luxuriant vegetation arise in memory before me, but the vividness of my recollection is not alone due to the beauty of the sunshine and the landscape. It is the association of these idyllic conditions with an incident which I shall now relate, that impresses my memory so strongly. Kemp, Charlie and I at this particular time were "full of the old Nick." What one did not think of in the way of mischief the others did. A small creek meandered through the fields of grain between our homes and the school house along which we loved to loiter. Away out in the fields a quarter of a mile from the highway or from any house was an "old swimmin' hole," not frequented by any but us three. It occurred to us that we might vary the monotony of our daily attendance at school by spending our time at the "swimmin' hole;" in other words, that we could "play hookey." The plan was no sooner agreed upon than we proceeded to put it into execution, and for a whole week of glorious June weather we loitered along the creek in the vicinity of the "swimmin' hole," and no human being but ourselves knew aught of it. For the first two or three days we enjoyed our illicit liberty beyond words, but toward the end of the week it began to pall upon us. We began to wonder what the teacher would say when we returned to school, and what our parents would do should

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they find us out. We became both afraid and conscience-stricken, and looked forward to the next Monday morning when we intended our stolen vacation should end. Miss Hawthorne had been extremely worried about our concurrent absence and informed us that she was just on the point of asking our parents about it! I cannot remember what excuse we gave her, but she seemed satisfied to let the matter rest where it was, and of course we did not care to agitate it. We never told a soul, and were so ashamed that we did not even discuss it among ourselves. "Fab" never "played hookey" again.

Miss Hawthorne was a cultured and splendid young woman. About a year afterwards she was killed by falling under the wheels of a train while on her way to school.

About this time it was decided that I should go to the village school at Jones' Station. My first teacher there was a Mr. Frank Fitton, a big, handsome, good-natured boy. His good nature, however, entirely disqualified him for school management, for he lost control of the school completely, and I believe gave it up before his term was ended.

My next teacher was Isaac N. Slayback, a man of excellent education, strong personality and high ideals, to whom I am more deeply indebted than to any teacher I ever had. He was a strict disciplinarian,

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yet rarely had recourse to the rod.¹ He taught me the value of hard work, and inspired in me the ambition to become something more than a mere drudge. On one occasion after I had made a particularly satisfactory recitation, and while I was standing before the class, he looked at me in an impressive way for a minute or two without speaking. Finally he said, "David, let me advise you to become a lawyer!" His words made a tremendous impression on my boyish mind, and it was then and there that I determined to follow his advice. That evening at home when I told mother what Mr. Slayback had said, her face lit up with pride, and I afterwards knew that his words only echoed her heart's fondest desire.

Mr. Slayback was a great lover of athletic sports. Baseball was then in its infancy, and he taught us to play it. I was tremendously interested in the game and played enthusiastically at every opportunity.

Along the canal some two hundred yards below our house was a large slough or bayou, in which and in the banks of the canal muskrats and minks were plentiful. Here was a trapper's paradise, and I took advantage of it each fall and winter. I had two or three steel traps and each morning would have one or more muskrats and sometimes a mink. I had

¹In those days teachers were allowed to resort to corporal punishment and I am not so sure that the system was not a good one when applied with sense and discrimination.

to get up early, look after my traps, skin my rats, and walk nearly three miles to school. Muskrat skins were then considered one of the cheapest and most inferior of furs. A good skin was worth not more than twenty cents, whereas now the same skin would probably bring two dollars. Nevertheless, I managed to make enough money from my traps to buy a good part of my clothing for the year.

I have already related one or two adventures in which I narrowly escaped with my life. It was during a summer vacation here that I had what was perhaps my most narrow escape, and under the most terrifying circumstances. At Jones' station there were large tanks belonging to the railroad where the locomotives took water. The tanks, I think four in number, were twelve or fifteen feet across, and perhaps twenty feet deep, and were supported by a structure of timbers ten or twelve feet from the ground. The whole was enclosed by a stone building. Access to the top of the tanks was had by a ladder. A single plank extended across each tank upon which it was possible to walk from one to the other. The top of the tanks was near the roof of the building and the light there was very dim. Kemp and I with that unaccountable dare-deviltry which possesses many urchins, conceived the idea that it would be great sport to take a swim in one of the tanks. We could swim like fishes and were not afraid of anything in the way of water. Accordingly, one

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bright summer's day, we put our brilliant (?) idea into execution, and dove into one of the tanks. The "water was fine" although practically ice cold, having been pumped from a deep well. We swam around enjoying ourselves immensely, and dived again and again into the depths of the tank. Presently we decided that we had had enough of it and that we would leave the water, but to our consternation discovered that it had receded so that we could reach neither the plank nor the top of the tank! The recession of the water was due to the fact that a locomotive whose presence outside we had been vaguely aware of, was taking water from the tank. To add to the terror of the situation a strong suction toward the bottom became apparent, which only by our strongest efforts we were able to resist. We literally swam for our lives and clawed madly but vainly at the slippery sides of the tank in our efforts to reach the top. We yelled with all our might but no one could hear us and no succor came. At length the horrible drawing toward the bottom ceased, but we were still four or five feet below the top of the tank, and were growing tired from our exertions and chilled by the cold water. Unless help came soon we realized that our time was short! Fearfully each gazed into the other's pallid face. We had been in the water fully a half hour and were now paddling feebly to keep our faces above the surface and to conserve our strength. Presently, to our unspeakable

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joy, we noticed that the water was slowly rising. This gave us renewed strength and hope. Gradually, inch by inch, it rose until at length we were able to grasp the edge of the tank and drag ourselves to safety. What a wonderful exaltation we felt to be thus delivered from the very jaws of death! How beautiful were the sunshine and the world outside! Although long years have intervened I am not even now able to look at a water tank without experiencing a thrill of horror at what we escaped that day. One more lesson we had learned in the great school of life. My mother used betimes to quote to me the old adage, "Experience is a hard school, but fools will learn in no other," and the adventure of the water tank brought to me a vivid realization of its truth.

On a certain balmy April morning (the 14th, 1877, about six weeks after we had moved to the Changebridge farm) mother failed to greet me as usual when I came downstairs from my room. This was so extraordinary that I demanded of the maid an explanation of the phenomenon. I was informed that mother was ill and that during the night the doctor had brought her a little baby! This was to me a most astounding piece of information. I had come to feel that Alice and I were all the children of the family that ever were or could be! But I welcomed the wee mite of humanity with the best grace possible, and soon came to love it dearly. The



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little stranger was your aunt Clara. She arrived just in time to share with the rest of us our long drawn out battle with malaria, or "ague" as we called it—of which, more hereinafter. When she was a little over a year old she had a frightful attack of the malady and lay in spasms for hours. It seemed impossible that she could recover, and I shall never forget father's agony of grief at the prospect of losing another of his precious children. It was pitiable indeed to witness his anguish. Gradually, however, she got better, but oh, what a fragile little morsel of humanity she was! She remained puny and sickly and I do not believe ever became as strong as she would have been but for this illness. Because of her frailness father was always a little more tender and indulgent with her than with the rest of us.

Notwithstanding her fragility she was, when up and around the house, one of the most mischievous little imps imaginable. She was constantly doing something she should not have been, and when taken to task for it and threatened with punishment would say, "Me dot agie" (ague), thus seeking to arouse sympathy and avert a spanking! On one occasion when mother was out in the yard she heard a slight noise at an upstairs window, and looking up saw Clara sitting on the window sill with her feet hanging outside and threatening to jump out to her! Mother remained under the window and quietly sent

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Alice upstairs to catch her, which she did just in the nick of time.

When Clara had grown up and we were living in Watseka, Illinois, she learned the trade of compositor on a local newspaper, and after a few years took a course on the linotype, working at that until her marriage on May 2, 1914, to Henry A. Buettner, a newspaper man, now editor and proprietor of the Syracuse (Indiana) Journal. No children have been born to them.

A couple of years after Clara's birth "Fab's" complacency with respect to the growth of the family received another jolt. He had hardly recovered from Clara's disconcerting advent, when, on St. Patrick's day, 1879, red-headed, fat, dimpled "Bud," (Aunt Bertha) burst upon the scene quite unheralded so far as "Fab" was concerned! I now had three sisters and no brother. If babies had to come, why was not at least one of them a boy that I could have for playmate and pal? I felt that I was being badly used in not being considered or possibly consulted in the matter! But after the first twinge of disappointment was over I grew so fond of the newcomers that I would not have exchanged them for all the boys in the world. As a special favor to me and to propitiate in some measure my resentment at the sex of the youngsters, I was permitted to name one of them. I called her Bertha May, after a pretty little girl schoolmate of the same name whom I admired very much.

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As she grew I called her Bertha "Mayflower" as a sort of nickname and in recognition of her sweetness. On her first day at school in answer to the teacher's inquiry, she gave her name as Bertha "Mayflower"! The teacher, not unnaturally, assumed that her father's name was Flower, and gave her a note addressed to Mr. Flower advising him what books his small daughter needed.

Bud remained throughout her girlhood a little plump, pink-cheeked, merry-hearted urchin whom I delighted to both tease and humor. When she rebelled at my teasing I would grab her and pointing first to one cheek and then the other, then to my forehead, eyes, chin and lips, compel her to kiss me in each place before I would let her go! She came to think she had to do this at any time that I required it of her! During her childhood her hair was a brilliant red, and I used to call her "red," "reddy," "sorreltop," etc., but as she grew up it changed to a very dark auburn so that scarcely a trace of its original color is noticeable.

I once taught the school in the district where we lived and both Clara and Bertha went to school to me. I was very stern with them as you may suppose, but they seemed never to be afraid of me. They were then eleven and nine years old, respectively.

When Bud was twenty years old she met with a serious accident which almost cost her life. Father had recently bought a spirited young horse and one

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day when Bud was driving it about town it became frightened and ran away tearing down Main Street at a terrific pace. After running two or three blocks it swerved toward the curb and ran into a telephone pole. Bud was thrown out of the buggy, striking the cement sidewalk on her head and shoulder, fracturing her skull and collar bone. She lay unconscious for eight days and nights but finally recovered.

She graduated from the Watseka, Illinois, high school in the class of June 13, 1898, taught school for a number of years, and on December 23, 1908, was married to Rev. H. R. Lookabill, of Crawfordsville, Indiana. They have one child, Lillian Eudora, born April 5, 1911.

What I have so far written in this chapter has been of the more pleasant phases of our sojourn on the canal. These experiences, while the most happy of my boyhood, were shadowed by that misfortune which persistently dogged the life of poor father. During our second summer there we were made to realize that we were living in a perfect plague spot of malaria. The proximity of the canal and swamp above referred to made it an ideal breeding place of malaria mosquitos. Presently the whole family was down with malarial fever, ague, chills and fever, and all their various complications and sequelae. For eighteen months, or until we left there, there was scarcely a week that some member of the family was not bedfast, and at times we were all down together.



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unable to wait upon each other. During the winter there was some letting up of the scourge, but with the coming of warm weather, first one and then the other and frequently all would again be stricken.

The adage "misfortune never comes singly" was never more signally exemplified than here. Father, by dint of industry and perseverance, had accumulated a herd of about two hundred fine hogs, expecting to fatten and sell them and with the proceeds make a payment on a farm. He had fed them the whole of a large crop of corn, and just as they were about ready for the market the "swine plague" appeared among them, and in a few weeks time they had all died! Thus went for naught all his hard work and his hopes for the future. Instead, came ill health, doctors bills and debts.

This fearful experience demonstrated the futility of staying in this place, and it was decided to move again to a locality where fever and ague were unknown—where we could at least enjoy the blessing of health if nothing more. Accordingly, preparations were made to move some forty miles away to a small farm in Brown county, Ohio, two miles east of the little town of Marathon. This decision, notwithstanding the obvious necessity which dictated it, came as an unpleasant shock to me. It involved separation from my schoolmates, whom I had grown to love dearly, and an end to the irresponsible freedom of my life. I shall never forget the last day I

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attended school at Jones' station. A half hour before school closed for the day Mr. Slayback told the pupils to put away their books, and then announced in a voice choking with emotion that they were about to lose one of their most beloved schoolmates—that I was leaving the school forever. He then made a little speech, reviewing my attendance at the school, advising me to set my mark high for the future, and predicting for me a success in life which I fear has not been altogether realized. He then called me to stand by his side near the door and as the pupils passed out I bade each one a sorrowful goodbye. But my most poignant grief came when Kemp and I separated that evening at our front gate. My heart was so full when the moment of parting came that I cried like a baby. Kemp did not seem to be quite so affected as I, or had better control of his feelings, but I can recall the serious wistful look on his face. I can see him yet as he went on down the road towards his home with his little satchel of books and tin lunch pail. The little modern idyl of "David and Jonathan" was at an end; I never saw him again. Forty-one years afterwards I stood on the selfsame spot recalling the boyish tragedy of our parting and musing on the joys and sorrows, the trials and triumphs of the intervening years.

CHAPTER XI.

ON HEALTH

The experience with malaria to which I have alluded in the preceding chapter early gave me to realize what the loss of health means, and to appreciate its transcendent value as an adjunct to happiness. As my span of years has increased I have come more and more to realize that happiness is impossible without health. Houses and lands, monies and bonds, honors and social position are but dead-sea fruit, life loses its savor and is not worth the living, if we have not health. Having it and naught else we are rich and the masters of our destinies. I want you to realize to the fullest extent, the importance of health, but in so doing to use common sense; do not become a victim of imaginary ills, do not dwell upon slight and temporary ailments, never allow yourself to get in the state of mind of the invalid who in reply to a question as to his health replied, "I am not quite so well as I have been, but I think I am some better than I was!" On the other hand, do not disregard nature's danger signals—pain and discomfort—when persistent. Pain itself is not a disease but only a warning that something is wrong with our physical organism, and that we should seek the cause without delay and remove it.

Happily, the condition of health is one which is definitely in our own hands, assuming we have been

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born with sound bodies and are properly instructed in the ways of health. It is all summed up in the saying, (than which there was never a truer), "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." This pithy sentence embodies the observation and experience of ages, and reveals the secret of good health.

It follows then that the preservation of health depends upon the avoidance of those things which experience has shown usually undermine it, namely, habitually improper eating, (especially overeating) lack of outdoor exercise, exposure when heated to cold and damp, insufficient clothing, poor teeth, bad ventilation and loss of sleep; and of these I should say that improper eating is the most productive of disease. This fact has given rise to another proverb not so widely quoted but nevertheless containing more than a grain of truth: "We dig our graves with our teeth." Verily, I believe that nine-tenths of the ills that flesh is heir to can be directly traced to overeating, or the habitual eating of improper foods. Conversely, the same proportion of ills may be avoided by proper eating. Indeed this form of intemperance is one of the greatest evils of the age, especially in this fat, prosperous land of ours with its high standard of living. We eat and guzzle and gorge because it tastes well long after we have had enough adequately to nourish our bodies. It is really surprising what a small amount of food the body requires to keep it going at a maximum of efficiency.

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All above that amount is an overload on the organs of elimination which in time is bound to hamper their functioning and ultimately to break them down, causing a lowering of vitality and a long list of ills and distresses ranging all the way from a "below par" feeling on through colds, indigestion, constipation, bilious attacks, appendicitis, gall stones, diabetes, Bright's disease, heart disease, hardening of the arteries, high blood pressure, apoplexy and death.

While we are young and vigorous over indulgence in food does not seem to harm us, or the immediate effects are easily thrown off, but the penalty which nature exacts is only postponed. Many a life is shortened by gluttony and self-indulgence and the poor victim never suspects the cause. He is assailed by a multitude of symptoms which make life a burden to him, until finally he consults the doctors and is made to realize that a stern and inexorable justice, the consequence of the violation of nature's laws, has overtaken him. He then begins a frantic and mostly futile struggle to repair his shattered life; but too late. He then is forced to "diet," and deny himself the ordinary pleasures of life. He cannot eat sugary or starchy foods, meats, or in fact anything that a normal person craves, and his future years are doled out to him at the price of a self-denial and suffering that makes them not worth while.

Another penalty of improper eating which has caused more distress of mind as well as body,

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especially among the ladies, than has many more serious disorders, is obesity or excessive fatness. Practically all overfat people are hearty eaters. They take more food than is necessary to nourish their bodies. The excess not being eliminated is deposited among the other tissues as fat. The older they get the greater the tendency to fatness. Many a beautiful girl has been transformed through inordinate indulgence in food into a fat, gross, misshapen specimen of humanity. Who has not witnessed the growing corpulence of a friend and the regret and heartache that goes with it?

Fat is the foe of beauty, of grace and of love. "No one loves a fat man," is a jocular saying with a basis of fact, and only gallantry forbids its application to women. We avert our eyes and unconsciously shudder at its deformities. A fat person unless highly endowed with brains, rarely achieves the heights of success. To a woman it is a special handicap both before and after marriage—before marriage in preventing her from getting a suitable mate, and after marriage in holding his love. It is in reality a species of disease brought on or aggravated by over indulgence in food, and is usually the forerunner of diabetes, nephritis, heart and concomitant diseases.

I think you have some hereditary disposition to overweight, and as the years go by it may manifest itself. Therefore obviate it by right living now.

But do not conclude from the foregoing that in

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order to keep healthy we must lead a life of continual self-denial, that we must wage a ceaseless battle against the allurements of appetite. I mean only that we should ever be on guard against temptations to excess. A perennial appetite is one of nature's greatest blessings. When we have it normally we may be reasonably sure that there is nothing seriously wrong with our physical organism. On the other hand when it is persistently absent we may be quite as certain that all is not well. Moderation should be the guide. Do not gorge, even of wholesome foods. Eat slowly, masticate thoroughly; thus moderation will become a habit practised without conscious effort or sense of denial.

While on the subject of eating it may be well to indicate what are wholesome foods—what may be eaten with impunity and what should be eaten in moderation. Practically all foods are wholesome to one who is in health, but some are more so than others. Some, as cheese, butter, milk, eggs and meat have much nutritive value in small bulk, while others are less rich in proportion to bulk. The former are important but should not be eaten in undue quantities, while the latter may as a rule be eaten *ad libitum*. Whether a particular food is wholesome or injurious depends to some extent upon the idiosyncrasies of the eater. "What is one man's food is another man's poison," is an old saying illustrating what I have said. I know a strong healthy man who cannot eat

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eggs or anything containing them—the smallest portion of egg even when eaten in other food without his knowledge makes him deathly sick. We have all heard people say this or that does not "agree" with them, even though most others may eat it without inconvenience. This is due to some obscure physiological difference in individuals not perfectly understood.

Generally speaking, eat in moderation what agrees with you of the common substantial everyday foods, as bread, cereals, meats, vegetables, salads, fruits, and milk and its products. Bread, potatoes, corn, corn meal, cereals and other starchy vegetables are fattening—"go slow" with them if you have a tendency to fatness. Aside from their fat producing qualities they are very wholesome and may be eaten without stint by a healthy person. Sugar and sweets are also fattening, and dispose to diabetes if eaten in excess. A little sugar each day is allowable and desirable, but avoid the candy habit. The sugar contained in ordinary cookery and fruits is sufficient. Plenty of green vegetables and fruits are the sheet anchor of health and can hardly be eaten in excess. Meat in moderate quantity once a day, but not oftener unless engaged in hard physical exertion, is advisable. Tea and coffee, not too strong, and in limited quantities once or twice a day are not harmful to a normal person. Drink plenty of water.

Of equal importance in the promotion of health

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and the development and preservation of a strong and beautiful body is exercise — outdoor exercise. Cultivate a love of out of doors recreation—walking, swimming, boating, horseback and bicycle riding, shooting, fishing and games. Do not remain indoors except to do the necessary indoor tasks. A half hour of outdoor exercise is worth two hours indoors, but gymnasium work under proper conditions is not to be ignored. At least once a day, preferably on arising in the morning, from a standing position and without bending the knees touch the floor twenty times with the palms of the hands. If you practice this exercise faithfully every day you will never have a flabby, sagging abdomen or fatty hips. Never become too dignified to join in outdoor sports—be a tomboy as long as you live.

Of even greater importance in maintaining health and beauty is an active mind. Do not allow your mind to stagnate, do not become mentally lazy. Have some intellectual interest at all times—read, study, think.

Do not neglect your teeth. They are one of the most vital adjuncts to health as well as beauty. Have them thoroughly examined and cleaned by a dentist at least every six months. At the first signs of tooth trouble go to a dentist and have it corrected.

Avoid getting chilled after violent and prolonged exertion. Thoughtless girls in the ballroom often dance themselves into a perspiration and then go

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outside to get cool! This is suicidal and is the origin of many a case of tuberculosis. Do not lose sleep habitually—get at least eight hours of sleep out of the twenty-four.

I have now given you counsel which if you make a sincere effort to follow will I think insure you a long life of happiness in so far as happiness is dependent upon good health. I know my health would have been better and my life correspondingly happier could I have had the same counsel when I was your age.

CHAPTER XII.

HOWARD'S RUN

This chapter dates from March 1, 1880, on which day we moved from the "Changebridge" neighborhood in Butler County to a little farm of seventy acres in Brown County. Our postoffice and trading point was Marathon, a small village about two and one-half miles to the west across the county line in Clermont County. Brown County was then one of the most primitive and backward counties of the state. But one railroad, a "narrow-gauge" some seven or eight miles away, crossed the county, and the community where we lived was regarded as quite backwoodshish as compared with Butler County. Howard's Run was a little purling brook which ran across our farm from north to south, and its name was applied to the neighborhood through which it ran. Many of our relatives lived in Marathon—Grandmother Orebaugh, Uncle Alfred, Uncle George and Aunt Mollie, Uncle Frank Maxfield and Aunt Mary, (mother's brother and father's sister, respectively,) and their daughter, Emma Kate, and son, George, and Aunt Ellen Ashton and her two boys, Edgar and Eugene. So far as family ties were concerned we had moved "back home." At least it seemed so to father and mother, but we children had never lived there before and the place was strange to us. But we soon became acquainted with the

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relatives and neighbors and grew to feel very much at home.

I was now thirteen years old, Alice eight, and Clara and Bertha three and one, respectively. I was already large for my age, and freed from the curse of malaria was growing rapidly. A year later I was nearly as tall as I am now and weighed one hundred and thirty-seven pounds—a very good weight for a fourteen-year-old. I was strong and vigorous, too, able to take my place in the fields and woods with father and do my share of the farm work. It was here that my training in practical life began—I learned to farm, to handle horses and all kinds of farm animals, and even to "split rails" — like Abraham Lincoln! During the winter out of school hours a neighbor boy and myself cut down trees and split cordwood, which we sold for three dollars per cord. Frequently, we would work until ten o'clock at night by the light of a fire, and in the snow. How I glowed with health and strength under this strenuous life!

I took an interest in farming and all the multifarious duties incident thereto. The yearly cycle of farm work ran something like this: during the winter and early spring, work in the woods—cutting the next year's supply of fire wood, splitting rails (a few) and making maple syrup and sugar; the spring ploughing and sowing; corn planting, which we did by hand, and of which I did nearly all; cultivating

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corn throughout the summer; harvesting hay, wheat, oats and rye; grain threshing; fall ploughing and sowing of wheat and other grains; cutting corn and shocking it for fodder; and finally corn-husking which was usually finished by Thanksgiving.

I must tell you at some length of the highly interesting and romantic business of extracting from the trees of the forest that delectable nectar, maple sirup. The joy of maple sirup and sugar making is one which you probably will never know. The great orchards of hard maples do not exist west of Ohio (possibly a few in Indiana) and even those of the east, I believe, are gradually disappearing. The sugar making season was eagerly looked forward to by the whole family. In late February and early March an occasional bright sunshiny morning would start the sap to running. It would be especially copious when a sharp frosty night was followed by early morning sunshine and thawing. The sap or "sugar water" flowed from holes bored in the trees two or three feet from the ground, and was caught in pails or small troughs. These would be filled twice or three times a day, and would be gathered up by a horse and sled (or wagon) on which was a large barrel and taken to the camp where it was poured into great iron kettles and kept boiling day and night over a large open fire until it was reduced to sirup or sugar. What sport it was to hover around the fire, all night long some times, and watch the

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boiling sap. This part of the work fell to father and me, though occasionally mother and the girls would stay up with us till the usual bed time, when they would go to the house. Occasionally neighbors would visit around the camp fire. After nine o'clock I would take a nap on the cot in the little shack provided for that purpose, while father watched the kettles. Two or three hours later I would be awakened and father would take a nap while I kept vigil over the fire and boiling sap. There I would be in the forest with the silence of the night around me watching the weird shapes cast by the shadows reflected by the dancing flames, and giving free reign to my imagination; but I was never afraid. On the contrary, my enjoyment of the experience was of the keenest, and the recollection of it even now gives me a thrill.

Some times the sap buckets would be filled during the night and we would have to empty them. Making our way through the dense woods with a horse and sled by the light of a lantern we would collect the sap and take it to camp. This was always an interesting experience. Usually, however, sap does not flow freely at night. It requires the light and sunshine to draw it forth.

After the sap had been boiled to the consistency of sirup it is bottled or canned or put in jugs for future use. To make sugar the boiling process is continued until the sap becomes quite thick. The kettle

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is then removed from the fire and the sirup, as it cools, is stirred constantly which causes it to granulate. This process is called "sugaring off," and requires considerable skill and experience.

The harvesting and threshing of grain was also a very interesting and important part of the farm work. Self-binders had not then come into general use, and the binding of the grain into bundles or sheaves was done by hand. In this I became proficient, and I can still make a "double-band," which not many farmers of the present day can do.

Grain threshing was then carried on much as it is now; that is, the farmers in the neighborhood would exchange work with each other. The operation required ten or a dozen men, and sometimes even more. When a farmer was ready to thresh he would notify his neighbors, and on the day appointed all the neighbors and oftentimes their wives, would be on hand bright and early. The men would be assigned their various duties around the threshing machine and the women would prepare the meals which were always sumptuous affairs. City people who have never been privileged to attend a "threshing dinner" have missed a notable experience. Long tables at which twenty or more persons could be seated were lavishly loaded with all the delicacies of the farm. No Delmonican feast ever approached in flavor the viands thus provided, and no great chef ever took more pride in his culinary skill than did

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these farmers wives. Before the men would go into dinner the farmer would bring out his big black jug of Bourbon or Scotch and every man would toss off a brimming glass of the liquor. The occasional farmer who did not believe in furnishing whiskey at threshing time was a marked man in the neighborhood, and had difficulty in getting help!

During the winter months I attended the Howard's Run school which was about a half mile from our home. My teachers there were not so zealous and efficient in their work as I had been used to, and I did not make much progress in my studies. However, I managed not to forget what I had learned in former years, and possibly added something to my small store of knowledge.

It was here that I met my first little sweetheart, a bonny, blue-eyed, dark-haired little miss by the name of Katie T., whom I then thought was the prettiest, sweetest little honeybunch ever, and as memory brings her face before me I still realize that she really was an unusually beautiful child. We were both too bashful to declare our regard for each other, but we made it known by other means,—divers little attentions, smiles and glances, and I know neither of us doubted the feeling of the other. Long years after when we were both grown up, I received a letter from her seeking to renew our friendship, but I, fickle man, was then engaged to the girl who afterwards became my wife. This information I

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communicated to Katie in my reply to her letter. I never heard from her again.

There were large tracts of heavy timber in Brown County in those days, abounding in squirrels, opossums and raccoons,—or “coons” as they are usually called for short. “Coon-hunting” was one of the popular sports of the neighborhood lads, and I never missed an opportunity to join them. The hunting was always done by night. Accompanied by one or more hound dogs to track and tree the “coons,” we would wander for hours by the light of a lantern through the darkness and underbrush, often until three or four o’clock in the morning. It was really great sport. When the hounds would strike the trail of a coon their deep-tongued baying resounding through the woods would announce the fact that mister coon’s tracks were being followed eagerly, and presently a babel of eager yelps proceeding from a definite spot would indicate that he had taken to a tree for refuge. The hunters would then run at breakneck speed through the trees and brush, stumbling over fallen logs, across hills and hollows to the place where the dogs were. Arriving there the dogs would be found to have surrounded a particular tree, usually a tall one, and to be gazing eagerly into its branches. They knew that mister coon was in that tree and presently the hunters gazing upwards would discern a couple of glowing eyeballs in the darkness of the treetop. It then only remained for

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one of the hunters to send a rifle ball up to mister coon and he would come tumbling to the ground, a hard earned trophy of the hunt. Oftentimes it was impossible to locate the coon's position in the tree, in which case the hunters would solve the difficulty by chopping the tree down. As the tree fell mister coon would come bouncing out of the branches, and straightway would be staged a battle royal between him and the dogs. Coons are vicious fighters and evince uncanny intelligence in defending themselves. It takes an experienced and resolute dog to kill one, and sometimes at this critical juncture the coon would fight off his enemies and make his escape in the darkness.

I am sorry to say that on these expeditions we did not always confine our activities to coon hunting. Having tramped the woods until the early morning hours without finding any game, we would realize that we were ravenously hungry and would sometimes visit a neigbooring farmyard and steal a goose, turkey or chicken which we would take into the woods and broil over a fire. This illicit refreshment was enjoyed beyond words and seemed to us a fitting conclusion to a "coonless" night!

It was about this time that I first broke into public print—that is, had something I had written published in the newspaper. My cousin, Emma Kate Maxfield, some six years older than myself, of whom I was very fond, but whom I teased unmercifully at

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every opportunity, lived in Marathon. She was a schoolma'am, a devoted church attendant, and much interested in reform and uplift movements. My aunt Ellen—then a widow—was very much the same type as Emma Kate, with kindred tastes. In short, they would be classed nowadays by the unthinking and disrespectful as "highbrows." Though Aunt Ellen was considerably older, and somewhat more dignified and serious than Emma Kate, the two were boon companions. I always felt an instinctive though sneaking desire to shock Aunt Ellen, and an opportunity too good to let pass presently presented itself. She was keeping company with the Methodist minister at Marathon (whom she afterwards married) and who frequently took her with him when he went to fill other appointments on his "circuit." On a certain Sunday Emma Kate accompanied them and on their return they stopped at our house for a short visit. When they were ready to leave a heavy thunderstorm was approaching and the night was of inky blackness. They started, however, hoping to reach home before the storm broke. While going along a lonely stretch of road with woods on either side their horse and buggy collided with a polecat, which immediately brought into action that animal's characteristic means of defense with the result that poor Aunt Ellen, Emma Kate, the minister, the horse, the buggy and all their belongings, were literally deluged with the fetid stench of the skunk! The

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rain soon began to descend in torrents, and by the time they reached Marathon a more wretched, bedraggled, woe-begone trio it would be impossible to find. Their greatest desire then was to conceal their odorous adventure from their friends and neighbors, and they entered into a solemn compact not to divulge it to a soul. But they could not conceal it from wise old Granny Orebaugh whose curiosity was aroused by the unearthly smell emanating from Aunt Ellen's house and clothing. By skillful questioning she at length got the whole story and told it to me the next day, meanwhile pledging me to secrecy. I now had "something on" my dignified relatives, but how to use it without compromising grandmother was the question. I could not possibly let the incident pass without utilizing it in some way. I finally hit upon the plan of writing it up as Marathon news for the county paper. I feverishly prepared in hyperbolic style a half column article and sent it in to "The Sun." On the following Wednesday or Thursday it came out in the very middle of the front page! It created a sensation. The little old town was agog with speculation as to who wrote it. Although no names were mentioned everybody knew from the general tenor of the article who were the *dramatis personae*, but they could not fathom the mystery of the authorship. Various persons were accused but furnished "alibis." It never occurred to anyone to suspect a barefoot farmer's boy. Only

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Granny shared my secret. She kept it for several days but finally through pride in her grandson and some resentment at the preacher, whom she did not like, she let it out. I then narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of Aunt Ellen and the Maxfields, but won considerable prestige with the townspeople.¹

It is somewhat remarkable that among the various places I have lived there is scarcely one that has not witnessed some hairbreadth escape of mine from death or serious mishap, and this place was no exception. Between our house and Marathon was a very steep and high hill at the bottom of which flowed the East Fork of the Little Miami river. The East Fork was quite a sizable stream. There was no bridge there and the stream was crossed by fording, the water at normal stage being but two or three feet deep. A heavy thunder shower on the upper reaches of the stream, however, would cause it to grow into a torrent in a very short time. One sultry summer evening after supper a neighbor and I drove to Marathon in his two-horse covered wagon. Storm clouds had been lowering on the horizon for several hours and about seven o'clock the rain began to fall. We waited for it to stop but at the end of a couple of hours it was raining harder than ever. We thought of the rising creek and knew it would soon be impassable. Accordingly we decided to start at once for home. Arriving at the stream we found

¹I still have a copy of this boyish effusion in my scrapbook.

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it to be already considerably swollen. However, we plunged in relying upon the horses to take us safely across. The water running swiftly was midside to the horses and came well up to the wagon-box, threatening to sweep us down stream. On the farther side the hill began to ascend quite abruptly from the water's edge, and the horses, with a tremendous effort emerged from the water and started up the hill. When they had proceeded ten or twelve feet suddenly the harness broke, the wagon became detached from the horses and rolled back into the river! It was still raining in torrents, and the intense darkness was relieved only by occasional flashes of lightning, which revealed the swirling and rapidly rising flood around us. Fortunately the horses had remained on practically the same spot. There was nothing to do but to make our way to the shore, capture the horses and if possible hitch them to the wagon. This we finally succeeded in doing, standing meanwhile waist-deep in the swiftly flowing water. Making the necessary repairs to the harness would have been an impossible task had it not been for the flashing of the lightning. However, our troubles were not over. As the horses started up the hill again the flimsy repairs we had been able to make gave way and back we rolled into the torrent! We immediately plunged into the water, which was now up to our armpits, secured the horses, and again making them fast to the wagon started them up while we swam and scrambled

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to the bank after them. Luckily this time the harness held, we at length reached the top of the hill and in due time arrived home thankful we had not been drowned.

CHAPTER XIII.

EARLY STRUGGLES

I was now fifteen years old, large for my age, and expanding mentally as well as physically. I chafed at my limited opportunities to get an education, and to make money. The little farm afforded us but the barest necessities of life, to say nothing about money with which to go to college. By this time I had come keenly to realize for myself the importance and desirability of an education, and my efforts to obtain it needed no stimulus from others. I was in fact in a perfect fever of ambition to go to some higher institution of learning than the country thereabouts afforded. There was a small seminary at the town of Mulberry some twenty miles away conducted by a Prof. Thrasher, which I was anxious to attend, and planned and schemed day and night how I could accomplish it. I had managed to get hold of a small magic lantern outfit purchased for a few dollars derived from sales of cordwood which I had cut. I had visions of earning enough money by giving exhibitions at country school houses to enable me to take a term or two at the seminary. This necessitated getting a partner to manage the lantern while I delivered the lecture, which, by the way, I wrote myself. I also needed help in securing the use of the school houses and in billing the neighborhoods. Accordingly I interested the neighbor with the horses

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and covered wagon. It was mid-winter, and besides being very cold, the roads were atrocious. We floundered through mud and snow and over frozen rocky roads with a persistence which merited a greater success than was forthcoming. Our entertainment, which we repeated some half dozen times, in different neighborhoods, was really quite good. Our lantern slides were about evenly divided between serious and comic, my lecture was explanatory and interesting, and besides I threw in for good measure a recitation or two from "Kidd's Elocution!" The audiences with admirable restraint forbore the conventional rotten eggs and vegetables, and in fact seemed to like the show; but our cash receipts at the price of ten cents and five cents admission (which was "all the traffic would bear") were pitifully meager, and in the course of a few weeks the combination went on the rocks. My hopes of making money in this way to pay board and tuition at the academy were blasted. My father then, with that unselfishness which always characterized him, decided that he would get along without my help on the farm and wrote to his brother (Uncle Eph) in Columbus, asking him to get me a place in the city where I could earn some money and go to school. Uncle Eph very promptly replied that he had secured me a place as a "cub" reporter on one of the Columbus papers. This was joyful news to me and I immediately began preparations to go to Columbus. But here

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again I was doomed to disappointment. My health up to this time had been excellent. I had recovered entirely from the effects of malaria and gave promise of becoming a big, strong, rugged man. But on the very eve of my starting away I was stricken with a terrible illness which I now believe was appendicitis, but which the old-fashioned country doctor diagnosed as “inflammation of the bowels.” Appendicitis and “operations” for it were then unknown to the medical profession. I gradually got better but after I had been up and around for a couple of weeks I had another terrible attack. This almost killed me and it was many long, weary weeks before I was able to resume my accustomed duties about the farm. In fact, I have never fully recovered from the effects of that illness. It left me with a weakness of the digestive organs which always has been more or less of a handicap to me. Of course, I had to give up my Columbus venture and content myself with taking things as they came. It was a sad disappointment and no doubt greatly influenced my whole future life.

We had now lived on Howard’s Run a little over three years, and father began to realize the limitations of the little farm. Although it afforded us a livelihood, there was no possibility of acquiring a competence or even of laying aside something for a rainy day. He had always felt a more or less active yearning for a home in the west, especially for a farm

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on the fertile praries of Illinois, where he could indulge his passion for farming unhampered by trees, stumps, rocks and hills. Some of our neighbors had recently removed to Iroquois County, Illinois, and on return visits to Ohio had painted glowing pictures of their new homes and of the possibilities of farming there. These stories caught father's imagination and so impressed him that he determined to take a trip to Illinois and investigate for himself. Accordingly in August, 1883, after the heavy part of the summer's work was over, he went to Iroquois County and canvassed the prospects to his own satisfaction. He was greatly pleased with the country and upon his return announced that he was ready to move to Illinois, provided mother thought it was prudent and best. She was willing, and we began immediately to make preparations for the change. We held a public sale and sold at auction everything that we did not want to take along. The plan decided upon was to ship the household goods by rail while we made the journey with horses and wagon, camping along the road at nights. The novelty of this appealed to us aside from the very material saving it meant in railroad fares and otherwise. So, on October 1, 1883, we bade farewell to friends and relatives and set out with three horses and a covered wagon on our long journey. The first night we spent with friends in Cincinnati, and the next night we camped on the banks of the old Whitewater Canal

CHAPTER XIV.

INDUSTRY—THRIFT—SUCCESS

The suggestions I shall make in this little chapter are designed to be practical, rather than sentimental or entertaining. Any other than a practical treatment of the topics mentioned, even if they admitted of such, would be out of place here. I do not intend to read you a platitudinous lecture, but only briefly to call your attention to the overwhelming importance of cultivating industry and thrift as a means of achieving success.

We all desire to make a success of our lives, not only that we ourselves may enjoy our success, but that our loved ones may share it with us, and that we may leave the world better for our having lived in it. This is not only a legitimate ambition but a duty that we owe to ourselves, to our families and to humanity. The conceptions of what constitutes success are as various as the minds of people. To some it means the acquisition of great wealth, to some the attainment of high position in society, the state or the nation, to others the making of a brilliant marriage, and to still others (and these are legion) the assurance of ease and luxury. But my conception of success does not necessarily, although it may, include any or all of these. My notion of a successful life is one of hard, interesting work with a definite and reasonably ambitious aim, a life of self

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improvement and of service, the doing of the daily task, the observance of the golden rule, the possession of a home and family, and enough of money to insure comfort and independence and freedom from worry. In short real success is achieved when we have realized happiness, which is a mental and spiritual rather than a material state.

Laying aside the ultra ambitious concept of success, even the modest standard I have here outlined may not be had without the exercise of industry and thrift—and chief of these is industry. Truly it has been said "there is no exxcellence without great labor." Do not think of obtaining anything worth having, material, spiritual or cultural, without being willing to work for it. Otherwise the chances are you will never have it; or if by hook or crook you get it, or the semblance of it, you will not appreciate or enjoy it. These are homely observations but they embody the working out of natural law and the sum total of human experience.

Cultivate habits of industry, thoroughness and stick-to-i-tiveness. Learn to love work for its own sake, and avoid slovenly, slipshod and inefficient work. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Do not give up any legitimate effort until you have absolutely exhausted every possibility of success. Obstacles should serve only as a stimulus to greater endeavor. Eliminate from your vocabulary the word "can't." The word with its implications is respons-

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ible for more failures in life than almost any other single factor, not only because of its influence in particular cases, but because of its paralysis of initiative and insidious undermining of character. The "can't" man or woman is invariably a flabby, purposeless, cowardly individual who is easily frightened and discouraged by difficulties, who drifts with the tide, and who when life is done leaves about as much impression on the world as is left after withdrawing your finger from a pool of water. I know you do not want to be and will not be found in that class.

But as society and the world are now constituted (and as they are likely to remain) the success to which industry points the way is supplemented and facilitated by that old-fashioned virtue, thrift. The natural fruits of the most indefatigable industry may be frittered away or blighted in the beginning by habits of extravagance. Such habits should be resisted as sedulously as habits of thrift should be cultivated.

But let us consider what thrift—true thrift—is; and in so doing I will first indicate what it is not: It is not stinginess, or greed, or meanness, or pettiness, or miserliness. These are qualities to be despised, as their possessors usually are. They are not the attributes of a fine soul or of a great mind. The kind of success they make for is the mere accumulation of money, which really is not success,

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but failure. In practising thrift you should be on your guard that it does not degenerate into stinginess. Of all the sordid, contemptible creatures in the world a miser is about the worst. The only enjoyment of which his shriveled soul is capable is the accumulation and possession of money, and the difference between a so-called stingy person and a typical miser is only one of degree. So beware of stinginess as well as of extravagance. Practice a happy medium and let common-sense be your guide. Concretely speaking, never make an expenditure without serious consideration. First ask yourself, Do I need this? Is it worth to me what it costs? Can I afford it? Can I buy it without doing an injustice to myself or others? Is it wise under all the circumstances that I should spend this money? If you can conscientiously answer these questions in the affirmative you will not go far wrong in making the expenditure. If, however, you have serious doubts wait awhile, or seek counsel from some one older and wiser and more experienced than yourself.

The practice of thrift involves not only discretion in expenditure and avoidance of extravagance, but also the habit of saving. However small your income make it an inviolable rule to save some if only a small part of it. Put it in the bank regularly, take pleasure in watching it grow. Or buy a ten or twenty year endowment life insurance policy. You will thus accumulate a reserve against emergencies, or one that

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will enable you to make an investment that will work and grow into greater money while you play. Old John Jacob Astor, the founder of the Astor millions and one of America's first millionaires, said that the accumulation of his first thousand dollars involved more hard work and self denial than all his later millions—after that it was comparatively easy sailing because his thousand dollars began to work for him and helped to earn other thousands.

But in making investments the greatest of care and caution should be observed. Do not invest in any enterprise you know nothing about no matter by whom it is presented. Avoid as you would the plague all alleged opportunities of making quick or large profits. Consult your banker—that is, the president, vice-president, or cashier of a well established bank—concerning any investment proposition that may be put up to you, and follow his advice.

Much more of possible advantage might be said upon this subject, but your own judgment and good sense aided by what I have already said will suggest all else that I might say. As I indicated in the beginning the chiefest of the keys to success is hard, persistent, concentrated, courageous, optimistic work. Some one has aptly stated the case thus:

“The father of Success is Work; the mother of Success is Ambition: the oldest son is Common Sense; some of the other boys are Perserverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm, and Co-oper-

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ation. The oldest daughter is Character; some of her sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity, and Harmony. The baby is Opportunity. Get well acquainted with the 'old man,' and you will be able to get along pretty well with all the rest of the family."

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE PRAIRIES

We were now (October, 1883) at the threshold of a new epoch in our lives. It was a decided change from the woods and hills of Southern Ohio to the treeless prairies of Illinois, from the small clayey fields to the boundless level ones of black soil and luxuriant crops. We noted many other contrasts chief among which was a more active, ambitious population with greater evidences of comfort and prosperity. The winters were also more severe and the snows deeper. There was also wild life to which we were not accustomed—wild geese and ducks, prairie chickens, prairie dogs, cranes, "thunderpumpers" (a species of bittern) and an occasional coyote and wildcat. The cooing or "booming" of prairie chickens in the spring of the year was a novel and never-to-be-forgotten harmony.

Our first dwelling place in Illinois was a small house which we took for the winter one and one-half miles north of the village of Goodwine on the bank of Mud Creek, a small stream which meandered sluggishly across the prairies. The schoolhouse was only a quarter of a mile away, and Alice and I started to school immediately. The teacher was a very competent young man by the name of Justice Gillette, with whom I made fair progress in my studies. I also began to improve in health and by spring was

quite fit to engage in the work of the farm to which we moved on March 1, and which lay one-half mile directly east of the village of Cissna Park.

I was now seventeen years old, Aunt Alice twelve, Aunt Clara seven, and Aunt "Bud" five. Father's health was not very good, due to a disability contracted in the army, and I, therefore, had my full share of the work to do. The farm was naturally fertile, but due to drainage and an exceedingly wet season our first crop was almost a failure. Our familiar demon, misfortune, not content with this stroke which reduced us to the verge of absolute want, delivered another blow even more vengeful and cruel, —Aunt Clara, early in the fall of 1884, was taken down with typhoid fever and lay for many weeks at the point of death. Meanwhile father worked by the day herding cattle for a neighboring farmer, and doctors' bills and other expenses piled up. Clara at length recovered: but the demon still pursued us. During her illness father had fatted a pig upon which we were depending for subsistence during the coming months, but just before we were ready to kill it it suddenly and without apparent cause, died! And this was not all: the following April while working with a neighbor building fence, father had the two middle fingers of his right hand mashed off by a sledge-hammer wielded by his fellow workman. Long weeks of suffering and disability ensued during which the burden of putting in a crop and tending

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the farm devolved upon me. It was a strenuous season, but I am glad to say I came through it strengthened in both body and character.

I will not dwell further upon the hardships and trials of the family during the next seven years (depend upon it they were soul-trying) but will pass on to more interesting matters which directly concerned myself. Having in a measure recovered my health, my ambition for an education began to revive. Many plans for getting away to school were pondered over, but the only one that seemed practicable was that of securing a teacher's certificate and teaching school. Accordingly I attended school in Cissna Park with a view of specially preparing myself to take the examination for a certificate, and in April, 1886, attended an examination held at the town of Wellington fourteen miles away. In order to get to Wellington in time (the examination began at 9 A. M.) I had to leave Cissna Park the evening before and stay all night in Wellington. I was able to raise just enough money to pay my carfare and night's lodging, and had nothing left for the return trip. Therefore I walked home the next evening, arriving very tired but feeling I had done a good day's work. The examination had been "tough" (or at least it seemed so to me,) but I was quite sanguine I had passed. The following week or ten days during which I waited for my "returns" was a period of suspense alternating between hope of

"FAB."—HIS LIFE, ETC.

success and fear of failure. The thought of success predominated, however, and I indulged in many ambitious day-dreams in anticipation of receiving the coveted license. I reveled in the prospect of congenial, remunerative and honorable employment which the profession of teaching would afford me. In the near distance the door of success stood alluringly open, and I determined in order to enter it that no effort should be spared on my part. My brain was assailed by the wildest flights of fancy and ambition, and I remember how the lines of the poet, Nathaniel P. Willis, haunted my mind, and with what conviction I thought he erred. Ambition with its attendant air-castles was to me at that moment a spiritual exaltation as pure and holy as the vestal fires. I was sure Willis did not know what he was talking about, and I would not be halted by his ominous though beautiful lines in my determination to reach the heights of achievement!

While advancing years have served to modify quite materially my youthful ambitions, I still think the poet's view too sweeping if the lines are to be understood as disapproving all ambition which is out of the ordinary. There is ambition of the vaulting, cold, selfish kind applied to which the lines are very pertinent, and to this form of ambition I have no doubt the poet alluded.

As a matter of literary interest to you I here reproduce Willis' beautiful poem, which is not as

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familiar to readers of the present generation as it was to those of forty years ago:

AMBITION

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!
It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy,
And lifts his humble window, and comes in;
The narrow walls expand, and spread away
Into a kingly palace, and the roof
Lifts to the sky, and unseen fingers work
The ceilings with rich blazonry, and write
His name in burning letters over all.
And ever, as he shuts his wildered eyes,
The phantom comes and lays upon his lids
A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear
Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
Breathes a fierce thirst no waters will allay.

He is its slave henceforth. His days are spent
In chaining down his heart, and watching where
To rise by human weaknesses. His nights
Bring him no rest in all their blessed hours.
His kindred are forgotten or estranged;
Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye.
His lip grows restless, and its smile is curled
Half into scorn; til the bright, fiery boy,
That 'twas a daily blessing but to see,
His spirit was so bird-like and so pure,
Is frozen, in the very flush of youth,
Into a cold, care-fretted, heartless man.

And what is its reward? At best, a name!
Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear;
Gold—when the senses it would please are dead;
Wreaths—when the hair they cover has grown gray;

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Fame—when the heart it should have thrilled is numb;
All things but love—when love is all we want;
And close behind comes Death, and ere we know,
That e'en these unavailing gifts are ours,
He sends us, stripped and naked, to the grave.

But I have strayed from my subject.—At length the mail brought me a letter with the name and address of the County Superintendent of Schools on the corner of the envelope. I knew that it contained the fateful message, and was afraid to open it. I carried it to a lonely place in a thicket on the bank of a stream where I was wont to commune in solitude with my own heart, there to be alone with my joy or my disappointment as the case should prove. Having at length summoned sufficient courage to open the envelope out came a neatly folded document which proved to be the certificate so eagerly desired! I can truthfully say that for genuine, unalloyed happiness there are but one or two other moments in my life that equaled this one.

Having now the necessary license to teach the next thing was to find a school. This I had no difficulty in doing, and was employed for a period of two months beginning May 1, 1886 to teach the Norton school, two and one-half miles directly south of Cissna Park and about three miles from home. I received the munificent (?) salary of \$32.50 per month! Later I was employed to teach the fall and

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winter term of five months at the same school, at the salary of \$35 per month!

But I was a "going concern"—I was "on the way" and standing, as I conceived, at the threshold of my dreams—the light was breaking through the hitherto seemingly impenetrable barriers of poverty, misfortune and ill-health which had stood between me and my ambition to obtain an education.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON COURTESY

"How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers,
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe."

—James T. Fields.

How true is the tribute which the poet pays to courtesy! Innate, instinctive, unfailing courtesy differentiates the gentleman from the boor, the product of refined inheritance from the "roughneck." It is the hallmark of superiority, an infallible index of character. It

"Oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
With smoky rafters than in tapestried halls
And courts of princes where it first was named;"

yet it is a virtue that we all can and should cultivate and acquire regardless of the advantages or disadvantages of birth, training and environment. It is worth all it costs both in material advantage and personal satisfaction. "It gives its owner passport round the globe."

I do not want you to go through life without this passport. Do not through a mistaken feeling of independence or smartness think that you can get along without it. Do not let thoughtlessness or indifference cheat you out of this great aid to happiness.

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ness and success. Do not let the feeling possess you that to be courteous is to be weak or servile. On the contrary it always takes more strength of mind and character to be courteous than to be churlish. It requires self-control, poise, dignity and unselfishness to be courteous in the face of provocation.

If you do not feel an instinctive impulse to courtesy I shall be greatly disappointed, for that would indicate to intelligent people with whom you come in contact that your inheritance and training have been bad—in other words that you are not a lady to the manner born. That would be a reflection upon your parents and your long line of courteous and respectable progenitors. Therefore, I say, if you have not the native urge to courtesy, cultivate it assiduously and unceasingly.

True courtesy is that inherent quality of the heart and soul that prompts to kindness, considerateness, gentleness, and love of our fellow man. Politeness is the outward manifestation — the technique of courtesy. Also it is sometimes the counterfeit of courtesy, concealing under a fair exterior a soul steeped in selfishness, deceit and baseness. Yet it is not difficult to distinguish the spurious from the genuine; but really, so much do I value politeness that I prefer the society of a polite person who has not true courtesy, to that of one without either courtesy or politeness.

As you live your life you will want people to love

"FAB."—HIS LIFE, ETC.

you and admire you, you will want to be welcomed in the society of ladies and gentlemen; in short, you will want friends. Then imbue your life with "that fine sense which men call courtesy" and you will be sought after and loved by all.

CHAPTER XVII.

RECORDING PROGRESS

At that time in the country about the only occupation available to young people that paid real and ready money, was that of teaching. It seemed to me to offer the shortest road to independence and advancement; and this in itself also furnished an incentive to perfecting myself in the profession so that I might command better teaching positions and higher salary. In line with this program I saved all I possibly could of my seven months earnings, (in doing which I had the sympathetic and unselfish co-operation of father and mother who were as anxious for me to progress as I possibly could have been,) and on March 1, 1887, started to school at the National Normal University, Lebanon, Ohio. This was one of the pioneer normal schools in the United States, presided over by Professor Alfred Holbrook, a man of truly remarkable attainments with a genius for training teachers. He was endowed with intense energy and an aggressive yet magnetic personality, and pressed his educational theories and methods upon a conservative not to say indifferent public with all the zeal of a crusader. The educational world was slow to accept them, but eventually the so-called normal methods were recognized and adopted all over the country, and I suppose there is now no state in the Union without its Normal University for the

"FAB,"—HIS LIFE, ETC.

training of teachers. "Teachers teach as they are taught, and not as they are taught to teach," was one of Dr. Holbrook's oft-repeated aphorisms of which he made practical application in his school. The school was also one of the first if not the first in the country to admit both sexes on a basis of absolute equality. In justifying this policy, which in that day was sometimes assailed by narrow-minded persons as impracticable, if not immoral, the old professor was wont to say, "One female in classes will civilize a hundred males, and—*vice versa!*"

But I am rambling again. You will have to excuse my tendency to ramble. In looking back through the years such a flood of recollections rush to my mind that it is hard to select those which will most interest you, and in my effort to do so I am apt to record incidents which do not interest you at all. My purpose is to give you, without being dull or tedious, a clear conception of "Fab's" early life and struggles, and environment, during that period which corresponds to the years of your life through which you will soon be passing, in the hope that you may find something therein to stimulate and encourage you.

As I was saying, I had at last got away to school but under conditions that would strike the average young person of today with dismay. I expected to be gone for the balance of the school year (which

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at the N. N. U. ended the middle of August)¹, and possibly all the following year. My small hoard of money comprised less than \$150 but I hoped to be able to earn something in some way while in school.

I plunged into my studies with vim and determination. The system of hard work and plain living agreed with me perfectly. It was the first time I had ever been away from home, but I did not have time to get homesick, although I thought often of the dear ones left behind to sacrifice and bear the brunt of existence that I might remain in school. Father was without help on the farm and I worried about this considerably, but I was greatly relieved when one of his weekly letters bore the glad tidings that he had been granted a pension with several hundred dollars back pay by the government for disabilities incurred while in the Civil War.

As the school year drew toward the close I realized on account of my dwindling cash that it would be impossible for me to remain over for another year, and that I would have to get back to teaching.

¹The National Normal University was conducted upon lines of Spartan simplicity and rigor. The school year was fifty weeks with classes and recitations on Saturdays. The course covered in four years at other colleges was completed here in two years. Dormitory rooms were seventy-five cents, and table board \$1.25 and \$1.50 per week, yet so great was the repute of the school that students of means from all parts of the United States were there. Hard work, its watchword and its gospel, "never killed any one," the old professor was fond of observing.

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Accordingly father procured for me while I was still in Lebanon the village school at Claytonville, Illinois,—a seven months contract at \$45 per month. I arrived home during the last week in August with less than fifty cents in my pocket, but with a certificate of proficiency from the University of which I was very proud.¹

My six months of intensive study also enabled me to pass the county examination for a "first grade" teacher's certificate. To get a first grade certificate the candidate had to pass a satisfactory examination in the natural sciences—physics, botany, zoology, anatomy and physiology — besides the common branches. I was also proud of this little achievement because it was concrete evidence of progress. There were probably not more than a dozen teachers with first-grade certificates in the county.

¹I had not attended the university long enough to get a diploma, but the certificate showed my credits in the various studies I had pursued.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUNDRY AND DIVERS HAPPENINGS AND EXPERIENCES

For one whose life has been on the whole so prosaic and uneventful as mine, I think I have had my full share of narrow escapes from death or serious injury. When one reads in the newspapers the daily list of casualties he sometimes marvels that any one escapes,—and I believe few do live to advanced age without at sometime having been in great danger. My experience, I think corroborates this observation.

While living at Cissna Park I had two very narrow escapes which I will now briefly relate. The little town was and still is set down in the prairie at the end of a railroad spur extending westward some fifteen miles from the main line of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad. One train a day composed of freight cars and a single passenger coach came out to Cissna Park arriving about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, doing its work there and leaving about 2 o'clock on its return trip to the main line. It was the custom for some member of the family to go every day for the mail, walking up the railroad track to town. One day after the train came in I went for the mail and as I drew near the town limits I saw the train coming toward me, apparently leaving town on its way to the main line. I stepped off the track to let it go by but did not notice that the passenger

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coach was not attached. After it had passed me I stepped back on the track and proceeded on my way toward town. I was then about the distance of a city block from the railroad station. A tremendous wind was blowing in my face which prevented me from hearing anything behind me. Suddenly I heard a great outcry from the direction of the station, and glancing up saw the people on the platform jumping about and gesticulating wildly, as though to attract someone's attention. All at once it dawned on me that they were yelling and gesticulating at me, and looking quickly around saw the end of a big boxcar almost upon me. I gave one frantic leap to the side, the car just grazing me as it passed. I fairly jumped out from under my hat, which was run over by the train! Instead of leaving town when it passed me, as I supposed, the train had gone a short distance and returned to make a flying switch with the big freight car. The car prevented the train crew from seeing me on the track, and the wind prevented me from hearing the approach of the train. Had it not been for the people on the platform I surely would have been killed.

While teaching at Claytonville, which was about four miles from home, I went back and forth on horseback. About one mile from home I had to

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cross a small stream called "Troublesome Creek," and believe me, it was well named! Every shower of rain or melting of snow would swell it to a turbulent, brawling torrent. It was spanned only by a low, rude bridge of poles laid side by side on cross-timbers and covered with a few inches of earth. In late February of that year there had been a day or two of mild weather and the heavy snow on the ground had melted rapidly. In the morning on my way to school the stream was slightly swollen, but I thought nothing of it. About the middle of the afternoon it turned bitterly cold with a gale blowing from the west which I had to face on my way home. When I reached Troublesome Creek I realized it was living up to its name—it had risen out of its banks, the bridge was covered with water (I could only guess how deep) and the entire stream was filled with floating ice and slush. I was afraid to try to cross the bridge for fear the earth had been washed off the poles and the horse's legs might get caught between the poles. I could not get home any other way except by going back and roundabout for a distance of four or five miles. I finally decided to go upstream a few rods where I thought it might be shallow enough to wade, and urged the horse in. At the first step horse and man disappeared under the flood! I was swept off the saddle but managed to grab a stirrup as I came to the surface, and we scrambled out, but—on the same side! The sit-

uation was now desperate. With my drenched clothing and the bitter cold I would soon freeze to death. Our own house was the nearest by a couple of miles and I decided to make another attempt to ford the creek a rod or two farther up stream. Mounting my horse I again urged the faithful animal into the surging water, but with the same result—we went completely under, I was again swept off the saddle, and this time had to swim for the bank which I reached in a few strokes, and both horse and man again clambered out *on the same side!* It was now a matter of life or death, and I decided to try the bridge, or rather try where I knew the bridge had been in the morning. The current was somewhat smooth at that point and I concluded that the bridge or some part of it was still there. If the horse became entangled in the bridge I decided that I would throw myself off and swim for the farther bank.

You will laugh when I tell you that we crossed without the slightest difficulty! The water was about three feet deep over the bridge, but the crazy old structure held firm, and probably was the means of saving my life. I then rode for dear life in the teeth of the gale, and in fifteen or twenty minutes arrived at home. My clothing was frozen as hard as a board, and father had to help me off the horse and into the house. After I had changed clothing, got thoroughly thawed out and had a good supper,

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I was all right again and ready for another adventure.

An amusing incident (that is, amusing as I look back upon it, but quite otherwise at the time) occurred some time after this as I was riding home from school. A young lady friend, Miss B., whose good will and approbation I was particularly anxious at the time to win, was teaching in a neighboring district, and on our way home we often met at a certain crossroads. On the evening in question as I approached the crossroads from the south I looked across the corner of the adjacent field and saw Miss B. coming from the east. I thought the time opportune to impress the young lady with my grace and skill as a rider, and accordingly urged my horse to topmost speed aiming to reach the crossing just ahead of her and to stop and greet her with a fine flourish of horsemanship. But I soon again realized the truth of the old saying, "There is many a slip twixt the cup and the lip." It had recently rained and the road was a sea of black mud and water. When within a rod or two of the crossing my saddle girth broke, I described a parabola in the air and landed on my back in a deep puddle of mud and water alongside the road! I scrambled to my feet, covered with mud and confusion, and could see by the expression on the young lady's face that she was having the struggle of her life to keep from laughing. It was certainly one of my "most embarrassing

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moments." Needless to say I did not tarry long to converse with the young lady.

Up to the time of our moving to Cissna Park my life had been utterly without social advantages except such as were incidental to the simplest intercourse with our neighbors. No parties, no dances—nothing but humdrum routine and hard work. Our neighbors were simple folk, estimable in their way but as a rule without culture, education or refinement. On occasion there would be a rough country dance in the neighborhood in which bad whiskey and fist-fights figured prominently. I had no desire to attend these and would not have been permitted to do so had I wanted to. But at Cissna Park it was different—most of the people there were above the average in intelligence and education, and quite a social atmosphere prevailed. I was welcomed by both old and young and gladly participated in the quite frequent social gatherings. During the winter weekly dances were held in the town hall, besides other parties, church festivals and a debating society. I learned to dance the old-fashioned quadrilles, and took an active part in the debating society. I remember one of the questions for debate was this: 'Resolved, that the pleasures of hope are greater than those of memory,' and that in maintaining the affirmative of the question I won the decision of the judges.

A brass band of some fifteen or twenty pieces was

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organized, and in this I played the alto horn; but I did not shine as a musician. The Orebaughs as a rule have been decidedly musical, and have produced some very fine musicians, but the Maxfields were scarcely able to distinguish music from noise. I suppose the Orebaugh musical talent was in me diluted by the Maxfield strain of non-appreciation, so that music has never welled up in my soul as I wish it might have.

Another feature of life there, both social and educational, were "spelling bees" held in the schoolhouses within a radius of ten miles of the little town. One school would challenge another, much as schools nowadays challenge each other to a game of basketball. On nearly every Friday evening throughout the winter we—boys and girls—would tumble into a big bob-sled, full of hay and warm blankets, and with sleigh bells jingling descend upon the challenged school for a contest. "Fab" always was in high demand on these occasions, for he was a "cracker-jack" speller, and he was usually the last to be spelled down. Occasionally, however, some little snip of a girl (girls are as a rule the better spellers) would trip him up and then there would be great cheering and merriment at his defeat.

I became fast friends with the two village doctors, brothers, who also kept a drugstore, and during vacations, on Saturdays and holidays I clerked in the store. I learned considerable about drugs and

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chemicals, and my friends, the doctors, wanted me to become a druggist, even offering to buy a small store for me in some other town, allowing me to pay for it as I could; but this did not appeal to me. I had long ago set the legal profession as my goal, and would not be swerved from my course.

Aside from the hardships of life there (and these I would have had anywhere) I have none but the most pleasant recollections of Cissna Park. It was a pretty little speck in the prairie, and its people were especially noted for their enterprise and their hospitality. The latter beautiful trait shone forth among these people more finely and ungrudgingly than any place I have ever been. It has been many long years since I visited the little town, and I should like to visit it again some day.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON HOSPITALITY

MY HOUSE

If ever you come to my house
(As you are passing near)
You will find a box outside the door.

Leave there your hate and fear.
Put in your cynical wisdom,
Your cunning and your guile.
You may come in with grief or sin
Or with an honest smile.

If ever you enter my house
(Don't pass, but step inside)

You will find a hook behind the door.
Hang there your cloak of pride
And your mantle of self-righteousness.

You will not need them here,
For the hearth is warm against the storm
And aglow with friendly cheer.

Take off the mask of your pretense
And put it on the shelf.

And, good or bad, or merry or sad,
Be your genuine self.

You need not feign a ghastly mirth
If you have cause to weep,
Or hide your shame, or tell your name,
Or talk if you would sleep.

And when you go from my house
(Yours as much as mine)

Where all is frank and friendly
And nothing grand or fine,

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After an hour's rare luxury
Of being your simple self,
You will leave your pride, forgot, inside,
And your mask upon the shelf.

—*Ed Stone.*

The graceful hospitality of my friends in Cissna Park, because of its unusualness, made an enduring impression on my mind. At home I had always been taught, by both precept and example, to practice that delightful virtue as a duty no less important than that of obeying the civil and moral law. One of the most precious recollections I have of my father and mother is of their unselfish, open-handed hospitality. Although never in a position to dispense hospitality lavishly, yet friends and relatives were always warmly welcomed at the hearth and table without thought of inconvenience, expenditure, or a return of the courtesy. I never heard them utter a word of dissatisfaction or begrudgement at the most frequent and persistent of visitors. Friends rarely ever thought of arranging in advance for a visit at our home—“the latchstring was always out,” and the visitors came when they were so inclined. The entertainment, however meager or inconvenient was provided from a sense of both duty and pleasure. It was enjoined upon me as a sacred duty to welcome and entertain all who sought or would accept my hospitality, to share my food, my clothing or my lodging with friend, relative or wayfarer. I have

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known father and mother to take in families of strangers passing through the country enroute to other parts, and feed and lodge them for days at a time; and no tramps ever went unfed from their door, though probably in these instances they were prompted as much by charity as by hospitality.

Having as a child been surrounded by this atmosphere of unquestioning hospitality I quite naturally assumed it to be the normal, usual standard of society, and I remember how hurt and disappointed I was when my inevitable disillusionment came. As I went out from home and mingled more and more with the world, I realized there are people to whom the word hospitality has no meaning other than a means of obtaining something for themselves—people so crassly selfish and insensible to its real meaning as never to extend hospitality without a definite expectation of its being returned in equal or larger measure, who never invite a friend to dinner or to spend the week end without counting the cost and the probable profit, and to whom an unbidden or casual guest would be as welcome as the measles!

I have seen dear friends so embarrassed between their desire to take me home to dinner, and their fear of a selfish and inhospitable wife that I positively have pitied them! If you are ever so fortunate as to have a generous and loving husband, for God's sake do not chill both his generosity and his love by requiring him to notify you before bringing a friend

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home to dinner. He will always consult your convenience if it is practicable, but sometimes it is impossible, and you will run a risk of losing his love, if you make him feel that you are a selfish obstacle standing between him and the hospitality which he so much desires to extend to his friend. If the guest is a worth while friend he will not mind the impromptu meal you may be compelled to serve him. A guest who would be dissatisfied with such entertainment would not be likely to trouble you again, and would not be the kind of person with whom you would want to continue on terms of intimacy.

True hospitality requires that we should be ever solicitous of the comfort and happiness of our guest. His likes and dislikes and even his whims should be studied and respected. No matter if he is a consummate bore, so long as he is under our roof he should be treated with the most meticulous respect and consideration. If he has entertained us we should not only return his courtesy, but do so within a reasonable time. If he has not entertained us, and we like him, we should not hesitate to invite him again and again. We should not hold back waiting for him to reciprocate. This is putting the whole matter on a selfish and mercenary plane and withers the fine flower of hospitality. If our guest has not reciprocated our entertainment, depend upon it there is some reason for it and his regrets are probably more poignant than your own. Do not sacrifice a

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friend merely because you have entertained him more often than he has you, unless you have indubitable proof that his failure proceeds from selfishness or indifference rather than unfortunate circumstances.

The point I wish to emphasize is, do not degrade the noble virtue of hospitality by putting it on the basis of barter and exchange—do not entertain in the expectation of reciprocal entertainment or other material advantage to yourself, nor refrain from entertainment from considerations of expense and inconvenience. Hospitality may be displayed more beautifully over a crust of bread and a pinch of salt, than at a board laden with all the luxuries. “Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.”

In conclusion, thoughts I desire to leave with you are: The sentiment of hospitality is the outgrowth of man’s emergence from the brute to the human, a part and parcel of God’s great plan of evolutionary development. Its instinctive promptings have come to be an index of man’s progress toward perfection. It is the product of generations of refined inheritance, the hallmark of gentility. A real gentleman can no more violate this sacred instinct than a mother can desert her child. Its observance has been commended and enjoined by St. Paul in the Book of books as one of the practical virtues. Ever revere and practice it and your moral and spiritual satisfaction will be your own ample reward.

CHAPTER XX.

STUDYING FOR THE BAR

My term of teaching at Claytonville expired in the spring of 1888. I was then in my twenty-second year and realized that even were I financially able to take a full university and law course, I would be twenty-nine years old when I finished. I could not afford (or at least so it seemed) to spend these years in acquiring the well rounded education which every lawyer should have. It seemed necessary and expedient if the coveted goal was to be reached at all to take a shorter cut than by way of the university, as I knew many great and successful lawyers had done. But here again I was assailed by doubt. Could I succeed without a thorough education? Did I want to be a lawyer without the best equipment the schools could afford? Would it not be better after all to devote my life to teaching. But I could not hope to get very far in the teaching profession with the smattering of education I had. Why not accept the proposition of my doctor friends and go into the drug business? Doubtless that would be the easiest and quickest way to financial independence, but it meant farewell to my cherished dreams of an intellectual career. Clearly I was at a turning point in my life. I spent the whole summer of 1888 in the deepest quandary. In fact the summer was virtually wasted.

STUDYING FOR THE BAR

With the question still unsettled and the necessity for making money still staring me in the face I contracted to teach a seven months' term at the "Center School" about four miles southwest of Cissna Park at the salary of \$45 a month. During the winter after much pondering of the situation I decided to confer with my good friend Mr. Isaac Miller Hamilton, one of the bankers at Cissna Park, then a young man some two or three years older than myself, who had studied law under the supervision of a lawyer friend, and who in due time had been admitted to the bar. Mr. Hamilton was a young man of brilliant parts, self educated and successful in business.¹

He advised me to do as he had done. With much regret I decided to abandon my ambition for a university education, and to follow Mr. Hamilton's advice.

He gave me a letter of introduction to the Hon. Harlin M. Steely, one of the rising young attorneys of Hoopeston, Illinois, under whom Mr. Hamilton had himself studied, and in the spring of 1889 after my term of teaching was ended I began to study under Mr. Steely's supervision. A course of reading beginning with Blackstone's Commentaries, Stephen on Pleading, and Greenleaf on Evidence was mapped

¹After laying the foundation of a fortune in the banking business at Cissna Park, Mr. Hamilton went to Chicago where he became the founder and president of the Federal Life Insurance Company, which, under his able management, has become one of the great financial institutions of the city.

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out for me and arrangements were made for me to spend one day of each month at Mr. Steely's office for quizzing.

I studied diligently all summer long and finished the prescribed work creditably. Mr. Steely advised me in the beginning to accomplish all I could that summer and in the fall to enter the Law School of the Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington; that probably I could, in consideration of my work with him, enter the senior year and thus gain the degree of bachelor of laws and early admission to the bar. This was indeed a happy suggestion and afforded a strong incentive to hard work. I wrote the University authorities telling them what work I had done. They advised me in reply that if I would finish certain work which they prescribed by the opening of the school year they would allow me to matriculate in the senior class.

I immediately began to make preparations to enter the law school in September. Expenses in Bloomington were not so low as they had been in Lebanon, and I began to calculate whether I could get through the year on my little hoard, finally deciding that I would make the attempt, and if I ran short, to try to borrow enough on my prospects to make up the deficit. It is here appropriate to say that I did run short, and that my dear Aunt Ellen (Cousin Ed. Ashton's mother) advanced a sufficient amount to carry me through the year.

STUDYING FOR THE BAR

On September 17, 1889, I landed in Bloomington, where I had never been before, not knowing a soul, and enrolled as a student in the senior class that same afternoon. In the secretary's office where I went to register, I was introduced to two young Japanese gentlemen who were also entering the senior year. They were Yeizo Osawa and Kashijiro Tanaka. They were the first Japanese I had ever seen. Osawa was wealthy and a member of the Japanese nobility, having the title of Count. He was one of the most cultured and companionable gentlemen I have ever met and we became fast friends.

I was now definitely launched upon the great adventure of the law. Not having taken the junior year in school I was at somewhat of a disadvantage as compared with the other students. While my reading with Mr. Steely had been quite comprehensive, it had not been of course, as thorough and systematic as it would have been had I been in school. However, I had no difficulty whatever in keeping abreast of the class, and I may say without egotism that at graduation on the 11th of June following, I was considered one of the four or five best students.

CHAPTER XXI.

REMINISCENCES OF STUDENT LIFE

While attending Law School in Bloomington I roomed with a family at 309 E. Mulberry Street. It was an upstairs room with a bed, a table, and a small stove for which I paid \$1.50 a week. I bought my own coal and kindled my own fires. I took my meals at a student's boarding club, and these cost me \$2.50 per week. My Japanese friends as well as many other of the most prominent students boarded at the same club. I met many congenial young fellows, and made many fast friends. None of these, however, was so intimate, and none placed me under such lasting obligations as my Japanese friend, Osawa. He was noble not only in rank, but in character and generosity. He was not long in sensing the precarious condition of my finances, and with infinite tact and gentleness sought to alleviate my money difficulties. He received remittances from home of \$300 per month which in that day was a huge allowance for a college student, especially at such a school as the Wesleyan. It was more than he could spend legitimately, and he was continually devising the most cunning and ingenious excuses for my using a part of it. The old rascal never succeeded, however, in persuading me to take any money. Failing this he would take me to "Schmidt's Chop-House," (the leading restaurant of

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the city) for dinner, and to the theater once or twice a week.¹ He was fond of American cooking, especially sirloin steaks, and I shall never forget the many exquisite dinners with which he varied the monotony of our meals at the club. Notwithstanding his love of American dishes, he at times yearned for his native cookery, and would have his landlady prepare under his direction a Japanese meal of rice which he would eat alone in his room with the greatest relish. He could well have afforded to live at a first-class hotel, but preferred the democracy of student life, and to mingle with all classes of people. Nothing could arouse his displeasure so quickly as to call him "Count." "In Japan, yes," he would say, "but not in America." He was passionately fond of American outdoor sports, especially baseball, and would incur the most unheard of inconvenience and expense in order to witness a game. It was his love of sports that was directly responsible for one of the most important and farreaching events in my life.

He roomed with a family who lived near the university, and on a vacant lot adjacent to the house was maintained a croquet ground where the students and young people of the neighborhood played. Osawa was a croquet expert and was continually importuning me to play with him. This I was glad

¹It was due to Osawa's generosity that I was privileged to hear Edwin Booth and Madam Modjeska in *Macbeth*. It was the great Booth's last theatrical tour. Otis Skinner, then a young man, also had a part in the play.

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to do when I could spare the time from my studies, not only for the sake of the recreation but for the opportunity which it afforded of meeting numerous personable young ladies who frequented the croquet ground! I was then, as now, fond of the society of ladies, and always improved the few opportunities I had to associate with them, although until the time I am about to tell you of, they "all looked a good deal alike" to me--just good comrades who attracted me by their grace and charm and intellectual qualities.

On one fateful day, however, after I had called on friend Osawa at his room, and as we were leaving the house my glance wandered to the croquet ground where several people were playing. Suddenly I gazed transfixed at one of the players.—a vision of dainty grace and loveliness the like of which I had never seen before! A young lady of medium size, nattily dressed in a navy blue suit and a little cadet cap, a wealth of dark brown hair, wonderful great blue-gray eyes, a complexion like the dawn, and withal the unmistakable stamp of brains and character.

Instantly my most intense interest was aroused in the young lady's identity. Expressing enthusiastic admiration and eagerly inquiring of Osawa I learned that he not only knew her, but that she was the daughter of the lady with whom he roomed. I not only did not have to seek an introduction, but at the first opportunity was fairly dragged by Osawa into

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her presence and introduced. The good old Jap esteemed it one of the great privileges of his life to bring together with all the indicia of romance two people of whom he was so fond.

Then ensued a beautiful and congenial friendship which rapidly ripened into mutual love. All my first impressions of her were confirmed and emphasized by closer acquaintance. During that spring (1890) until the day of my graduation we were together at every opportunity, our love daily growing deeper and more tender. After commencement I returned to Cissna Park, thereafter paying her monthly week-end visits.

The young lady's name was Lillian Eudora Wiley, and she afterwards became my wife.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOME AGAIN

I arrived home from Blomington on the 12th of June, 1890, the proud possessor of a "sheepskin" which certified that I had won the degree of bachelor of laws from the Illinois Wesleyan University. This was some consolation for having had to forego the A. B. degree, the ambition to achieve which I had cherished for so many years. Not having taken the full two years course in school my diploma did not admit me to the bar as otherwise it would have done, and it became necessary for me to take the bar examination. This I was not able to do until the following February, for the reason I had not actually studied two full years as required by the rules of court. Although I had graduated from the law school I still had to study to make up the two-year period which did not expire until shortly before the bar examination. Armed with my diploma, Mr. Steely's certificate, and a certificate of good moral character from the County Court of McLean County, I attended the examination at Mt. Vernon, Illinois, which I had no difficulty in passing, and in due time received my license from the Supreme Court admitting me to the ancient and honorable profession of the law.

In the meantime many important things affecting my whole future had transpired. Chief of these was

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the election of father to the office of sheriff, as I have related in Chapter II. The political campaign which preceded the election was a period full of interest and excitement to me. I alternated between hope and despair of father's election. I am sure I was much more concerned about it than he. He pursued the even tenor of his way about the farm, and apparently did not take great interest in the matter.

Not having anything else to do that summer, I took the position of reporter on a small newspaper, "The Independent," published in the neighboring town of Milford. This job I kept till the 1st of September, when in order to fill out the time till the bar examination, and at the same time make some money of which I was very much in need, I engaged to teach the school at Goodwine. As the election drew near I became more and more apprehensive of father's defeat. Many things united to cause this apprehension—he was a candidate on the democratic ticket, and the county was strongly republican; in fact it had never been known to go democratic. In those days to vote for a democrat was considered by the average republican to be little short of treason. He had lived in the county but seven years, and was not widely known, while his opponent was both well known and popular, and was besides a deputy sheriff at the time. The advantage in so far as it could be judged from surface indications was overwhelmingly with his opponent.

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In view of the situation I planned that when election day came I would cast my vote early in the morning and then take the train to Bloomington for a visit with Lillian, without waiting to hear the result of the voting. I did not want to be there to endure the gibes and disappointment of the defeat which I felt to be inevitable. Following my program I arrived in Bloomington about noon, spent the afternoon with Lillian, and went to pass the night with a student friend. About 11 o'clock, and shortly after I had retired, a telegram came for me. I remember that I sat up in bed holding it in my hand afraid to open it. My friend rallied me at length, and I tore open the envelope. The words of that telegram burned into my brain so deeply that they will never be erased—I can see them yet, the very handwriting on the yellow slip of paper. They were: "Whole democratic county ticket elected!"

You may well believe that Morpheus with all his wiles was put to flight for many hours. My friend (whom by the way, I have never seen since) remained awake with me and whole-heartedly shared my joy. Many were the air castles we built that night—of future triumphs. The next morning as soon as I decently could, I hastened with my glad tidings to Lillian who, of course, was likewise overjoyed.

While, to be sure it was not I who had been elected sheriff, yet it meant great things for me as well as for my loved ones. For them it meant emancipation

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from poverty and hardship, for me opportunity in my chosen profession, and best of all, justification for asking the dearest girl in the world to share life's fortunes with me. Before I left Bloomington that evening I had asked Lillian to be my wife, and she, brave and noble girl that she was, had gladly, joyfully consented.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SELF CONFIDENCE VERSUS EGOTISM

"Confidence is that feeling by which the mind embarks in great and honorable courses with a sure hope and trust in itself."—Cicero.

You may think that by here abruptly breaking off my narrative to write of these subjects, I am digressing with a vengeance. But I have had it in mind ever since I began this book to say what I am about to say, and I can see no more appropriate time and place to say it. If it does not naturally fall into place here that is the narrative's fault and not mine.

And to begin I may observe that the world, so far as its relation to my subject is concerned, seems to be made up of three great classes, namely, (a) egotists; (b) those without self-confidence; and (c) those well-balanced people who are neither egotistical nor unduly distrustful of their own powers. In my more cynical moments I am inclined to think the egotists constitute the great majority of humanity, for we find offensive egotism as often the accompaniment of the highly intellectual type of person, as of that type familiarly characterized as "pinheaded." It is hard to say which is the more offensive,—the man of outstanding intellectual gifts and attainments, supremely convinced of the superiority of himself and all that he espouses, domineering, opinionated, selfish, ruthless; or the miserable little pinhead whose egotism springs from sheer ignorance and want of

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brains. The attitude of the one is, "When I ope my mouth let no dog bark," and of the other that of the cock who thought the sun had risen to hear him crow! If I read history aright Napoleon, and many moderns (to mention whom would not here be in good taste), typify the one extreme. The other type brings to mind a stutting little country editor whom I once knew. He was five feet, five inches tall, weighed about one hundred and ten pounds, and always wore a tall silk hat and long-tailed coat. The little shrimp imagined that the whole machinery of government and politics revolved around his insignificant person, although everybody else knew that he was nothing but a disgusting little egotist whose conceit was equaled only by his ignorance and vulgarity. Between the two extremes are many gradations more or less offensive according to the degree.

The quality called egotism is a morbid outgrowth of the normal and laudable instinct of self-confidence, which is implanted in the human heart and mind by an all-wise Providence for a noble purpose. God made us, in distinction from the brutes, free moral agents,—that is, as an outgrowth of His great evolutionary plan, we were endowed with the power to reason and to will, to consider and to decide our course of action whether physical or mental, and to exercise control over all our acts. If we suffer any normal mental impulse to develop and grow into

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something ugly and hateful and abnormal, it is our own fault and not the fault of our Creator. He started us right with the divine gift of reason. It is up to us, therefore, to control our normal instincts and not allow them to develop into faults which gain an evil mastery over our lives.

Egotists are those who have allowed the normal impulses of self-confidence to degenerate into a repellent, abhorrent, loathsome thing, as a malignant tumor slowly forms and grows out of healthy bodily tissue. Egotism is reckoned by psychiatrists as a mental disease. It becomes a handicap to success and the foe of friendship and love. Its possessor may, paradoxically, by the sheer force and energy of his abnormality, coupled with other attributes, crash his way to what the world calls success, but it is not the solid success won by the gentle, considerate, courageous possessor of a normal self-confidence. Future generations may remember him, as they remember Napoleon, but they will not revere him, and the memory of him, like that of Napoleon, will be but a by-word and a hissing on the lips of posterity.

The egotist is not loved but feared, when he is not despised. His so-called successes are mostly the result of his vanity and ruthlessness. Modesty and humility and considerateness are words of whose meaning he has but slight, if any, conception. His overwhelming ego is to him both justifier and comforter in all that he may do or fail to do. It was

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George Elliott who said, "I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them."¹ and even in the days of Solomon the egotist was considered hopeless: "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him."

But what of self-confidence? We have seen that the difference between it and egotism is chiefly one of degree. So, likewise, is the difference between self-confidence and cowardice. If I were compelled to choose for you (were such a thing possible) between an excessive self-confidence (egotism) and cowardice, I should unhesitatingly choose the former. The genuine egotist is rarely sensible of his defects and does not consciously suffer from them, while the timid, hesitating person suffers acutely from his weakness. This fact alone for practical purposes makes egotism the lesser of the two evils, to say nothing of the material disadvantages inherent in a craven personality. The egotist will be ever pressing onward, while the victim of timidity and a want of confidence will be ever holding back, hesitating and doubting. I can think of no greater misfortune than to be the victim of such a temperament. The greatest poet of all times has said: "Self love, my liege, is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting."

You have doubtless by now arrived at the conclusion that self-confidence is a quality greatly to

¹The Mill on the Floss.

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be desired and cultivated,—and you are right in that conclusion. True self-confidence means courage and resolution to make the most of the talents God has given us, without wanton offense to our fellow men. It means faith in ourselves, joined with courtesy and humility, and consideration for the rights and opinion of others. It makes us know that what has been done by others can be done by us. It causes obstacles to melt away, difficulties to diminish, and victory ultimately to perch upon our banner.

When heavy doubt assails you, when obstacles are mountain high, when circumstances seem impenetrable, if firmly convinced of the right and justice of your purpose, keep struggling on with a serene self-confidence, and in the end you will prevail. Know that

"Confidence is conqueror of men; victorious both
over them and in them;
The iron will of one stout heart shall make a
thousand quail:
A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will turn
the tide of battle,
And rally to a nobler strife the giants that had
fled."

CHAPTER XXIV.

“FAB” AS A DEPUTY SHERIFF

The election in November 1890, had resulted in a so-called “landslide” for the democrats. It was the first breaking away of the voters from the bitter traditions and prejudices engendered by the Civil War. It was caused by the palpable bad faith of the republican party in revising the customs tariff schedules in a manner contrary to the expectations of the people. During the presidential campaign of 1898 the revision of the tariff was the great issue. The democrats under the leadership of President Cleveland frankly, and in accord with the traditional policy of their party advocated free trade, or a tariff for revenue only. The republicans, while opposing free trade, rather equivocally acquiesced in the popular demand for a revision by saying, “Yes, let us revise the tariff, but let it be done by its friends;” that is, by the republican party, which had always favored a high protective tariff. This ambiguous position led many thousands of fair-minded men who believed that the customs duties were too high, to believe that the republican party also really favored a reduction, but not so radical a one as that proposed by the democrats, and accordingly they voted for Benjamin Harrison, the republican candidate, who was elected.

No sooner had the republicans taken control of the government than they indeed proceeded to “revise”

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the tariff, but they revised it *upward* instead of downward. The result was the so-called McKinley Tariff Law, which provided the highest tariff rates ever up to that time known in the history of the country. This was immediately reflected in higher prices for every thing the people had to buy. Retail merchants throughout the country were flooded with circulars and pricelists from wholesalers marking up the prices of all kinds of merchandise, "due to the tariff," as they explained. Millions of voters felt that they had been betrayed or flimflamed, as indeed they had, and at the first opportunity which was at that November election, proceeded to get even with the republicans by voting the democratic ticket. Thus your grandfather, as candidate for sheriff at that election, became one of the beneficiaries of this great revolt of disgusted voters, although I am sure his person popularity had as much to do with his election.

You may not understand the foregoing or be interested in the recital at this time, but maybe sometime it may interest you. It is a little bit of history that "Fab" saw in the making, and to a slight extent participated in.

Father's election as sheriff made it necessary for the family to remove to Watseka, the county seat, on the 1st of December, following, so that he could take up the duties of his office. This left me at Goodwine teaching school. Although father had selected

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a deputy to do the work outside the office, it soon became evident that he would require additional help in the office and about the courtrooms. He therefore asked me to give up my school and join him. This I did during the last week in December, and immediately was appointed deputy sheriff. It became my duty to keep the records of the office, make returns on writs, and advise the sheriff upon the many important and difficult legal questions which were being constantly presented. It was a very fine experience for a young lawyer. Besides assisting in the solution of the legal problems connected with the administration of the sheriff's office, I became more or less familiar with the routine of all the county offices, and was thrown in daily contact with other lawyers. I also had fine opportunities for attending the courts and gaining a practical knowledge of the work to which I was to devote my life.

True to form, I had two narrow escapes from death while serving as deputy sheriff. One night about eleven o'clock as I was returning from a visit to Bloomington, the train on which I was ran full tilt into the rear end of a freight train. The concussion was tremendous. The train stopped instantly, but I kept on going and landed among a mass of debris and other passengers at the farther end of the car. I was shaken up considerably but not seriously injured. Fortunately no one was

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killed. It was pure luck however, for the accident had all the elements of a catastrophe.

On another occasion it became necessary to take an insane man to the hospital at Kankakee, one Dan S., a big, brawny Irishman who had been a neighbor of ours at Cissna Park. We knew him well and could not bring ourselves to realize that he was a madman and dangerous, because, at times, he was perfectly rational. He expressed his entire willingness to go to the hospital, and begged father as an old neighbor not to put him in irons. For the same reason we made only a perfunctory search of his person for weapons. On the appointed day, Dan, walking between me and another deputy accompanied us to the train as readily and unresistingly as any sane person might have done. We had to change cars at the town of Gilman and to wait between trains for an hour or more. While waiting for the northbound train to Kankakee, Dan became violent and broke away from us, attempting to board a southbound train which had just pulled in. Of course, it was up to us to prevent him. We each grabbed an arm and struggled with him until the southbound train had moved on. He then with his abnormal strength again broke away from us. We closed with him again and he struck at me viciously with a *large open knife* which, up to that moment, we did not know he had. I managed to dodge the blow, at least partially, and he turned quickly with uplifted knife,

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to stab the other deputy, who was a much older and less agile man than myself. In a flash I realized his danger and grabbed the wrist of the uplifted arm with both my hands, thus preventing him from plunging the knife into the deputy's body. Dan then gave me his undivided attention, and in his effort to break my hold on his wrist swung rapidly around, throwing me off my feet and landing me out on the railroad track some ten or twelve feet away. He was then free and started to run toward a large engine-house about a block away, reaching which he climbed into the cab of a locomotive that was standing ready with steam up to pull out on a run. He attacked the engine crew, and while engaged in a battle royal with them, we came up with the manacles and managed to slip them on his wrists and legs. Raving and struggling we carried him into the train and finally arrived at the hospital, where we turned him over to the authorities. He had by this time become somewhat rational again, and asked me if he had cut me in our struggle. It was only then that I thought to make an investigation and found he had cut through my clothing—coat, vest, trousers band and heavy underwear,—and pricked the skin of my abdomen! In the excitement of the moment I had not noticed it. Indeed, I was more frightened the next day after I had had time to realize the narrowness of my escape. My guardian angel again kept

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me within the shadow of his wing, as has so often been the case.

During my service as deputy sheriff (in February, as before stated) I was admitted to the bar, and was anxious to try my wings at earning a living in my chosen profession. I was earning \$75 a month as deputy, which was good for those days, and my work was really a sort of practical post-graduate course in law. I should have stayed with it for the four years of father's term of office, saved my money and then have entered upon the active practice. I felt however, that if I got married and "hung out my shingle," I could with the preparation and experience I now had, step immediately into a lucrative practice. (Parenthetically I may state that the realization of my fond anticipations of earning money in the legal profession was postponed long years beyond by most conservative estimate.) Accordingly I pressed Lillian to name the day when we should be married. She was at the time principal of the village schools at Heyworth, Illinois, and her term of school was not out until about the middle of June. She had a preference for the "month of brides and roses" in which to be married, and in order to give her as much time as possible for preparation (and still be married in June) she selected the 30th as the eventful day. It was one of those rare and radiant June days that the poets sing of, and at 7 o'clock in the morning in the presence of a few near

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relatives, at 1108 N. Evans Street, Bloomington, Illinois, "Fab" and Lillian were married.

CHAPTER XXV.

LILLIAN

That you may know something of the dear girl who first won "Fab's" love, long, long years before he met your mother, I shall here endeavor to tell you of her. She sprang from two old and honored families of McLean County, Illinois, the Wileys and the Arnolds. Her father was John S. Wiley, a man of strong natural ability, good education and unblemished character. He was also one of the heroes of the Civil War. Since many of her unusual qualities of head and heart are attributable to the stock from which she came, it is fitting here, before going further into her life, to say something of the heroic personality of her father, and nothing so well illustrates this as a brief resume of his exploits as a soldier. Mr. Wiley in July 1861, shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War, enlisted in K Company, 8th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, of which Richard Oglesby, in after years Governor of Illinois, was colonel. His unusual bravery first attracted attention during the two days of fierce fighting before Fort Donelson. It was again manifested at the battle of Shiloh at the close of the first disastrous day when the shattered fragments of the federal army had been driven back to the river and practically surrounded by the rebel forces. It was reported that Wiley had been killed. His captain in investigating this report called aloud

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for him. Wiley arose in response to the call and came forward in full view of the Confederates who fired a volley point blank at him and the captain. The captain was killed but Mr. Wiley escaped. He participated in the battle of Raymond, one of the fiercely fought engagements before Vicksburg and was in the charge which routed the rebels and enabled the Federal forces to surround the city.

In anticipation of the grand assault on Vicksburg on May 22, 1863, orders were issued that men should be detailed from each regiment to carry ladders and set them up against the rebel fortifications. Colonel Oglesby realizing the desperate character of this duty, instead of ordering his men to execute it called for volunteers from the various companies. Mr. Wiley was the only man who responded from his company, and accompanied by his captain started with the ladder across the intervening space between the two armies. They were met by a withering fire from the rebel works. Several bullets pierced Mr. Wiley's clothes and the captain fell severely wounded. Nothing daunted Mr. Wiley kept on through the hail of fire and succeeded in placing his ladder against the confederate walls, then ran back to his captain, picked him up and carried him to a place of safety. For this dauntless exhibition of courage he was given a thirty days' furlough which he utilized by visiting his home and relatives. Similar exhibitions of bravery in the recent World War earned for men the

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Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest honorary distinction that can be conferred on an American soldier, and I have no doubt Mr. Wiley would have received the medal had his claims to it been brought to the attention of Congress.

Lillian was also the great-great-granddaughter of General Joseph Bartholomew, a hero of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812 and the Blackhawk War. General Bartholomew was a prominent figure in the Indian battle of Tippacanoe of which you have read in history.

Her mother was Missouri Arnold, who is still living in Bloomington, Illinois. After the death of Lillian's father when she was eight years old, her mother married Henry H. Hopkins, now also deceased. The Wileys and the Arnolds lived in the vicinity of Lexington and Colfax, in McLean County. Some members of both families were extensive land owners there, but Lillian's immediate family were in only moderate circumstances. Lillian was born on a farm between Colfax and Lexington June 9, 1866, and was the worthy daughter of her soldier father. Like him she was courageous as a lion and never acknowledged defeat. She combined a high degree of womanly gentleness, daintiness and refinement, with the most extraordinary forcefulness of brain and character I have ever known. Her intellectual ability and talents were amazing in their scope and variety. Her energy, will-power and pluck

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added to her intellectual capacity made of her a dynamic personality that triumphed over everything but death.

At the age of nine she played the organ and led the singing in Sunday school, at fifteen she graduated from the Lexington High School, and at sixteen was teaching school. At nineteen she had graduated from Business College, and upon her graduation was employed to teach in the college, which she did for three years. A little later the college conferred upon her the honorary degree of Master of Accounts. She was not only a master mathematician and woman of business, but a brilliant pianist and musician, having with all her other activities found time to take the full course and graduate with high honors from the Illinois Wesleyan College of Music. Her highly artistic nature inclined her to a musical career, and after we were married she founded and conducted for some years the Watseka Conservatory of Music with a full curriculum and staff of teachers. She was personally known and honored by nearly all the great musicians of Chicago and Illinois of that day, and took an active part in all matters pertaining to or affecting musical education.

In 1897 she prepared and delivered before the Illinois Music Teachers' Association a powerful address in which she advocated the examination and licensing of music teachers in the same manner in which school teachers are examined and licensed. The

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address created a great sensation in educational and musical circles, and was written up by newspapers in all parts of the country. To carry her plan through to its logical conclusion she embodied it in a bill and procured its introduction in the Illinois legislature. She spent three months in Springfield lobbying for its passage, and after much labor got the bill past "third reading" and on the calendar of the House for passage. On the very day it was to have been voted on with the practical certainty of its passage, the legislature broke up in a riot over some Chicago traction measure and adjourned *sine die*.¹ Nothing discouraged she continued to speak and write in favor of her project, but our removal to Chicago about that time and the precarious state of her health kept her from accomplishing as much as she might otherwise have done.

It should not be inferred, on account of her many outside interests, that she neglected her home, as is so often done by women who engage in business or public affairs. Her home was immaculately kept, and no husband was ever more pampered and spoiled than was "Fab." Home and husband comprised the shrine of her devotion to which she always turned for comfort and encouragement in her struggles. She was generous in spirit, and the soul of hospitality. She

¹A copy of her address before the Illinois Music Teachers' Association and of the bill introduced in the Legislature, is bound in a volume of Appellate Court Briefs now in my library.

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could never do too much for her friends and kept open house to them. One marvels still more at her intense activities when it is known that she never was in robust health. Only her tremendous energy and intrepid spirit kept her up. Finally, however, came the beginning of the end. On the 4th of July, 1902, we went for a long ride in the country. The weather was warm and pleasant when we left home, but before we got back a cold, driving wind set in. Being without wraps she became chilled and in a day or two came down with pneumonia. This she fought off with the doctor's help and her accustomed resolution, but soon thereafter developed incipient tuberculosis of the lung. When she realized her condition she set about bravely and systematically to conquer it, and by right living succeeded in healing the affected lung. But she did not regain the strength she had before her illness. She kept up her usual activities, however, until March, 1904, when we removed to Chicago, after which by reason of changed environment and contacts she was less active than she had been in the country. She still devoted herself to her music, however, and accepted a position on the faculty of the Chicago Musical College, but did not do much teaching, the state of her health precluding it. All her energies were now directed toward recovering her health, and for the next four years she put up the bravest, gamest fight of her life, but it was fated to be a losing one.

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During the early morning hours of November 20, 1906, she awakened in terrible agony. The doctor came and decided that she must go to the hospital for an immediate operation. She was operated upon the next day at Mercy Hospital, Chicago, by one of the noted surgeons of the city, Dr. William E. Morgan, and found to have tuberculosis of the bowels. Apparently the tubercular infection after leaving the lung had settled in the intestines. The diseased portions of the intestine were removed. She lay for three months in the hospital undergoing without a murmur the torments of the damned, and at last was able to come home. She gradually gained some measure of strength and once more took up her usual interests, but was as fragile and delicate as an orchid. During this period she prepared and gave a piano recital at the Chicago Musical College, carrying it off with all the vim and aplomb of her better days, but at a terrible sacrifice of her small store of vitality. Some weeks later she was again stricken with acute pain and illness, was again taken to Mercy Hospital and again operated on. No one expected her to survive the operation, but she did, and for a month clung to life with invincible tenacity. The doctors finally decided there must be still another operation. This she underwent April 28, 1908, and after a night of agony, just as the first rays of the morning sun came up over the lake and peeped through the window lattice her indomitable spirit took its flight.

LILLIAN

After services at our apartment, 5401 Calumet Avenue, Chicago, conducted by her pastor, (she was a member of the Congregational Church) and at the church in Lexington, conducted by Rev. R. B. Seaman, an old friend, we laid her to rest by the side of her soldier father in the little cemetery three miles east of Lexington. It had been a cloudy dreary day, but just as we were lowering her into the grave a few gentle drops of rain fell, the sun burst out from behind a cloud, and a beautiful rainbow spanned the eastern horizon,—fitting symbols of the grief of those who loved her, of the beauty and unselfishness of her life and character, and of God's wonderful promise of eternal life.

Such was Lillian, "Fab's" early love. Her memory is at once an inspiration and a benediction. I hope from the meager sketch I have given you of her you may find something in her life to emulate.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"GOING IT ON MY OWN"

While I was attending Law School the students would often, quite naturally, speculate upon their future careers—that is, they would discuss among themselves where they expected to locate and their prospects of success at the bar. Some expected to go back to their home towns, some to the city, and others to the west. A young fellow by the name of Ewing and myself, had our eyes on the city of Decatur, Illinois, and we often canvassed the feasibility of forming a partnership and opening an office there. Ewing finally changed his mind and went west, but I had become so convinced of the desirability of starting practice in Decatur that I finally definitely decided to do so. A circumstance that contributed to my decision was the fact that Lillian had an uncle, James S. Wiley, living there and occupying an official position of considerable influence, and we (Lillian and I) figured he might be of assistance to me in getting acquainted and established in business. Accordingly, on our wedding day, without taking time for a honeymoon trip (indeed we could not afford that luxury), we set out for Decatur and a little cottage on North Water Street (I forgot the number) which I had previously engaged. We began "housekeeping" there and were very happy. "Uncle Jim" gave me desk room without charge in his office,

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and I considered myself duly launched on the professional sea.

But eager clients did not wear a path to my door. I picked up a small fee now and then, but if I had had to pay office rent and had not had a few dollars in reserve, I do not know what we should have done. We idled through the months of July and August and toward the close of the latter month father came from Watseka to pay us a visit. He told me of the unaccustomed responsibilities he was facing in the sheriff's office, and stated that he would like to have me near to counsel and assist him. The upshot of his visit was that I decided to return to Watseka and open an office there. Therefore the first week of September found us snugly ensconced in a little cottage in Watseka, and myself in partnership with a Mr. ——, who at that time was accounted one of the leading lawyers of the county.

Mr. —— had numerous clients and a wide acquaintance, I was fairly well known throughout the county, many friends were interested in me and willing to help me in various ways, and there seemed not a cloud on the horizon of my future. It was suggested by friends that I offer myself as the democratic candidate for State's Attorney at the next election, but I was not interested in politics in that way, preferring business and professional success to the less substantial rewards of political preferment. My rosy prospects were of short duration, however,

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After a lapse of a few months I made the painful discovery that Mr.——'s clients were of a rather disreputable class and that he was not to be trusted in matters where strict honesty should have been the controlling factor. My reputation for honesty and integrity was not only my chief stock in trade, but something I prized far above mere financial gain. A lawyer's honor (if he is worthy to be a member of the profession) is no less precious than the honor of a virtuous woman, and I could not afford the risk of having mine tarnished by continued association with one who did not value honor as highly as I did. Accordingly, after having been confidentially advised by the president of one of the banks (a dear old man whose memory I shall always revere) I withdrew from partnership with Mr.—— and opened a little office by myself.

Of all men who start out to wrest a competence or even a livelihood from a grudging world, no man, I believe, has as weary a struggle as a young lawyer. Contrary to the usual experience of novices in other fields, his very youth is a handicap. People are afraid to entrust weighty matters to him for fear that his immaturity and lack of experience may preclude his handling them properly or effectively. He must gather experience and knowledge by slow and painful processes, and bide his time patiently until the community has gained confidence in his ability and judgment.

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Not to burden my narrative with too much detail, suffice it to say that I struggled along for a couple of years, making barely enough money for daily expenses until the summer of 1893, when I became acquainted with Oswald F. Morgan, a young man who had come to Watseka to work on one of the newspapers. I learned that he was not only a most congenial and intelligent companion, but that he had practiced law for some years in Kansas and was looking about for a favorable opportunity again to embark in the practice. After talking the matter over we finally agreed to form a partnership under the firm name of Morgan & Orebaugh. Our partnership agreement was dated August 1, 1893, and marked the beginning of a strenuous epoch in both our lives. Mr. Morgan was energetic, aggressive and able, and together we made a strong fight for recognition at the bar. We were a most congenial pair and worked together in the utmost harmony. We were more to each other than business partners—we were friends in the deepest and truest sense of the word. I had never known a brother and soon after our partnership was formed Morgan lost his only brother by death. This drew us closer together with a feeling akin to brotherhood. Never in the ten years of our association was a sharp or bitter word spoken between us.

For several years we prospered reasonably. Our clientele improved both in numbers and quality, al-

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though but slowly. We made enough money so that each of us was enabled to build and pay for a substantial home on East Cherry Street, one of the principal residence streets of the town. But presently certain circumstances, largely of our own making, began to operate against us, and our business began to drop away. We had the misfortune to have for a client one of the newspapers editors of the town who had been indicted by the grand jury for an alleged libelous publication against my former partner, Mr.——. Although we were successful in the litigation which extended over a year (compelling us to neglect other and more profitable business) the people of the county, with that unaccountable perversity which sometimes actuates them in the mass, were really in sympathy with Mr.—— and against our client. The enemies of our client thus became our enemies and worked against us by keeping clients away from us. Although we had kept him out of jail, the editor himself then turned against us because we wanted him to pay us for our services! We were compelled to sue him in court for our fees, and by so doing incurred the enmity of his friends, —already having that of his enemies! The influence of these elements was very noticeable and our business suffered.

About this time another train of circumstances developed which aggravated the situation greatly, especially as it concerned myself. As I have said

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before, I had no ambition for political office, but my political convictions were of a very decided character. It was the year of the McKinley-Bryan "free silver" campaign. I had been a Cleveland "gold standard" democrat, and when the democrats that year declared for "free silver," the dose was more than I could swallow and I came out openly for the Palmer-Buckner gold standard third party. This made the "free silver" democrats furious with me. I declined overtures from the republicans to join their party—I was a low tariff man, and would not sacrifice my convictions on that score. Altogether I gained the active hostility of the democrats and at least the passive unfriendliness of the republicans. I was a sort of political Ishmaelite with nowhere to lay my head except in the bosom of the numerically negligible and distinctly uninfluential third party. The democrats did all they could to punish my recalcitrance by keeping clients away from me, and the republicans were at best indifferent to my welfare. If, during the next three or four years, I had had the temerity to offer myself as candidate for the office of "dogcatcher" I would have been overwhelmingly defeated!

It will be hard for you, as indeed it will be for anyone who has not lived in a country town, to understand why my refusal to surrender my honest convictions, should have caused all this personal animosity. In explanation I may say that country

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people as a rule regard loyalty to party as a test of patriotism and good citizenship. Independent thinking is less common and newer ideas are slower of adoption with them. Their fathers and grandfathers were democrats and republicans, and what was good enough for them is good enough for their descendants. Such at least is their implied, if not expressed, attitude. Every one is expected to take sides with one party or the other, and for one to desert his party is little less reprehensible in their eyes than to actively betray his country. He who does so is regarded as a renegade and as meriting both social and business ostracism.¹

All of this bitter feeling was directly reflected in our business, which, of course, it was intended to affect. Old clients dropped away one by one and new ones failed to take their places, until after the lapse of three or four years we had hardly business enough to justify us in keeping an office. During the early part of this period, however, I had an opportunity which, if I had embraced it, might have fore stalled a good deal of the hardship which I suffered. A prominent and influential member of the local republican organization one day suggested to me tentatively that, having left the democratic party,

¹I should state that this feeling is not now so general in rural communities as it was at the time of which I am writing and prior thereto. Much of this party prejudice and passion was a heritage of the Civil War, now, happily, much ameliorated.

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I ought to go all the way and declare myself a republican—that if I would do so I might get the republican nomination for County Judge; that the nomination would be equivalent to election, since the county was heavily republican, etc. As I look back upon it I can now see this would not have involved a great sacrifice of principle (as I later became a republican anyhow)¹ but I was young and hot-headed, and smarting under the castigation of my enemies, so I declined the gentleman's proposal and decided to fight it out the best I could along my original lines. The fight was long and bitter, but at a time when it seemed I would have to give up, our business began to show a slight improvement, which continued until the opportunity presented itself to come to Chicago.

I had now struggled along in Watseka for twelve years and was thirty-seven years old. I had worked hard, had put up the best fight I could, and yet, relatively speaking, had accomplished scarcely anything. Except for the experience and discipline accumulated there, and a few warm friendships which I shall always cherish, I regard the years spent in Watseka as wasted. Although it may have been partially fancy, it seemed to me that the town was not

¹After the McKinley-Bryan campaign of 1896 I was never closely affiliated with any political party. While I have usually voted with the republicans, I do not acknowledge allegiance to any party, as such. I reserve the right to think and act independently upon all political issues.

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willing to recognize such merit and ability as I had. I felt, and still feel, that I was discriminated against without adequate reason. I began to speculate whether it was worth while to spend the remainder of my life in an atmosphere reeking with petty jealousies, spiteful recriminations and narrow outlook. I was getting tired of being regarded as a trespasser on the professional and business life of the community, and finally decided that even though I might eventually win success as it was measured in Watseka, it would not be worth the price I would have to pay.

I began to realize that success could be more easily achieved and in a measure far exceeding the Watseka standard, in some other environment. I knew (without egotism) that I had ability, and that in a fair field without favors I could make good. I talked the matter over with Lillian and she agreed with me. Not only did she agree with me, but at once announced, "We will go to Chicago!" and, without any connections whatever in the great city and scarcely knowing a soul there, I accepted her decision. I at once began to think of the city as the scene of my future endeavors. I had not the remotest idea how or when I should get there, or what I should do when there, but had an abiding faith that a way would be shown. So firm was this conviction that we immediately began to make preparations for the change, and informed some of our intimate friends

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of our intention. In a few days I had occasion to go to Chicago on another matter of business, and while there called on cousin Ed. Ashton, who was then working in a law office there. We discussed my rather visionary plan to locate in the city and he suggested that I seek a connection with some large concern as a salaried attorney, and, strange to relate, he knew of an opening in the Law Department of the International Harvester Company! He urged me to apply for the position at once. I immediately called on the General Counsel of the company and was employed at a satisfactory salary. It was with a joyful heart that I returned to Watseka that night and told Lillian and the other dear ones of my good fortune. That was on a Tuesday, and on the following Thursday (March 10, 1904,) I took up my new duties in Chicago and entered upon what proved to be the happiest and most prosperous period of my life. In taking the position with the I. H. Co. my original intention was to treat it as a temporary expedient to enable me to make a living until I could form some more advantageous professional connection, preferably with some law firm having an established business. However, I found the duties of my position and my associations and environment to be so agreeable and congenial that as time went on I felt less and less inclined to make a change. There was an entire absence of the petty spites and futile, heart-breaking struggles to which I had been ac-

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customed; my ability and talents, such as they were, were recognized without reserve or qualification, and my compensation was increased from time to time in a most satisfactory way. My salary for the first year of my employment represented more money than I had ever seen in Watseka in any two years. Besides, it came with the regularity of the sunrise and I did not have to haggle with my clients to get it. I was given charge of one of the most important branches of the Company's litigation, namely, the trial of all litigated cases in Chicago, and the supervision of the same class of cases throughout the entire country. In this work I have been happy. It has brought me freedom from care and worry, and enabled me to indulge moderately in some of the finer things of life. The only grief I have suffered was the death of Lillian, and of father and mother. But to this I am reconciled by the thought that such grief is the common lot of humanity.



SOPHIE MAHLMAN OREBAUGH

CHAPTER XXVII.

YOUR MOTHER

After Lillian's death I was inconsolable, and felt that life held but little for me. For months I went about my accustomed duties like one in a dream. My bereavement and loneliness were too deep, it seemed, to be assuaged by human ministrations. I continued for a year to live in the apartment (5401 Calumet Avenue) which we had occupied together. The familiar rooms and surroundings seemed only to keep my grief fresh and poignant. An added cause of despondency and hopelessness was that Lillian's long illness and death had left me deeply in debt; but, paradoxically, this fact gave me my first real incentive to struggle on—these were debts of honor and I must live and work to pay them. I at length decided, on the advice of friends, that it would be best to make a change. Accordingly, I sold and gave away my household belongings and went to live among strangers.

About this time while torn between grief and loneliness on the one hand, and the seeming futility of life on the other, there came to me a marvelously healing and comforting influence. This was none other than the beautiful and adorable girl who is now your mother. Her friendliness, her sweet and sincere yet unobtrusive sympathy first won my attention and gratitude, and later as I came to know

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her better her sterling qualities of heart and character compelled my love. Gradually, as was natural, the keenness of my grief abated, my loneliness like mist before the sunshine faded away, and I began to take an interest in life which but a few months before I would have deemed impossible. At the end of a couple of years I realized I was passionately and hopelessly in love, and that I could not live without "my great big beautiful doll," as I called her after the popular song then in vogue. I think the author of this song must somehow have had her in mind when he composed it—it so well describes her charming personality!

We had a beautiful courtship extending over nearly three years. She grew sweeter and dearer to me each day, yet it seemed, much as I wanted to marry her, that it would not be fair to ask her to share my debt-burdened lot. I had nothing to offer her but my love and it seemed to me that was not enough—that she deserved something more. With the experience I had had of married life I knew that marriage in my circumstances would mean toil and sacrifice, and possibly disappointment and disillusionment for her. I was quite convinced that it would be an act of supreme selfishness on my part to make possible such an ending of our sweet romance. She was younger and less experienced than I, and, as I reasoned, would be less likely to consider the consequences of an ill-advised marriage. Thus for over

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a year I kept myself in a state of suspense and anxiety, hesitating to propose. Finally, I became convinced that neither of us could be happy without the other, and casting aside my doubts and fears I asked her to become my wife. We became engaged just as the bells and whistles were ushering in the New Year, 1911, and on October 10 of that year we were married at her mother's home.

We left the same day on a month's honeymoon trip to southwestern Ohio, where we visited numerous relatives, my birthplace and the various haunts of my boyhood. Returning home I plunged into the business of life with renewed hope and enthusiasm, with a heart full of gratitude to the great Giver of all good for the many blessings vouchsafed me. My heart still overflows with thankfulness when I look back over the years and realize what a wonderful woman and noble wife and mother your mother has been. She is still "my great big beautiful doll" as well as my joy and inspiration.

"She is a constellation of virtues; she's the moon,
and I am the man in the moon!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON MARRIAGE

What I shall say here on this subject is not intended to interest you now—it is for your guidance and counsel when you have reached the years of maturity and discretion; that is, say, after you have finished your university course. At that time you will be better able to appreciate and understand what I desire to impress upon you. It would perhaps be just as well to defer these words of counsel until that time, but you know that in the ordinary course of nature there is the possibility that your old "Fab" may not be with you then. So on the whole, being solicitous that you do not miss the results of my life experience and observation on the subject, I have decided to insert the chapter here, as the very last in my book. In after years when you feel the need of disinterested counsel on this most important subject, you can turn to these lines and feel and know that your old "Fab" is speaking to you with nothing but love in his heart and an anxiety for your happiness that is too deep for words.

Every true and normal young woman is deeply interested in the subject of marriage, and rightly so; for it is the most important step in life she can ever take. It is fraught with infinite possibilities for weal or woe. On the wisdom of her choice of a husband will depend whether her life is to be a "grand, sweet



VIRGINIA GRACE OREBAUGH
(at the age of 12)

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song" of happiness or a hell of misery and failure.

Men and women have been created in substantially equal numbers throughout the world, with the evident intent on the part of their Creator that each should find his or her true mate. The good God has endowed men and women with the capacity to think and reason and to form more or less correct judgments and conclusions. He intended that these faculties should be made use of in all the affairs of life, that of marriage being no exception. Having conferred upon His children the divine gift of reason, it is not His purpose continually to interfere in the details of their lives. These they are to work out for themselves, relying upon reason and its correlative, good sense, to find happiness. Happiness, I believe, is the chief end of existence. That it has been the great quest of all people in all ages, proves that it is the fundamental want of our natures implanted in us by God Almighty and intended by Him to be the ultimate object of all our striving. If we have not happiness, we have nothing. How important, it is, therefore, that having God given means, namely, our reason and common sense, at hand for attaining happiness we do not neglect or ignore that means.

The time will come when you will be prompted by the normal instincts of your being to select a life-mate—the father of your children. Anticipating this perfectly natural and wholesome epoch in your

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life I want to counsel you not only by generalities but by specific advice in the hope that it may help you to avoid the mistakes which have wrecked so many married lives, and enable you to *insure* your own happiness. Is it not worth while to try to *insure* your happiness for life? What would not thousands of unhappy derelicts on the marital sea give if they could but start their lives anew with the knowledge that they have only now gained through bitter experience?

In affairs of the heart young people are prone to think that they know better than their parents and older friends what is best for them. Many a young heart has been broken and brilliant life laid waste by acting upon this specious assumption. Remember, that generally speaking nobody in all the world is so concerned about a girl's happiness and welfare as her father and mother. No one is so near and dear to them as she. They have loved and cherished and worked and sacrificed for her in a way and to an extent that she may not realize. Is it likely then that they will give her counsel that is not for the best? Their loving solicitude for her happiness coupled with their experience in life and maturity of judgment make them her most unselfish and reliable friends and counsellors. Depend upon it, therefore, that when they have objections to any course of conduct which she may have adopted, they have the most substantial reasons therefor.

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Without pretense of being an expert in matters matrimonial, I shall try here to give you a few concrete suggestions which you will do well to consider carefully before taking any serious step in the direction of marriage.

In the first place be not in a hurry to marry. Do not sacrifice your girlhood to the cares and responsibilities of marriage. Enjoy the golden years of your youth to the full—have a good time without thought of responsibility other than to *develop your mind and body into a type of ideal womanhood*. Wait until you are at least twenty-three years old before you seriously contemplate marriage, and any time between the ages of twenty-three and thirty, or even later, is quite appropriate. Your mother waited until she was thirty-two. If you defer the momentous step until you are mature in mind and body your chances of happiness will be infinitely greater. It is one of the peculiar attributes of growth and development that at twenty-five or later we wonder what in the world it was at twenty-one that attracted us to a certain individual of the opposite sex—and we thank our lucky stars that we didn't marry him or her! Therefore act circumspectly and cautiously. Do not allow yourself to be swept off your feet, as the saying is, by some impetuous wooer. Be friendly and courteous to all men, but be always on your guard against the so-called male “flirt.” There are many men who esteem it a smart and clever thing

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to win a girl's affections and then selfishly and coldly abandon her. Do not allow any man ever to boast (as many do) that you dropped into his hand like a ripe apple from the bough. Do not cheapen yourself by a ready yielding to the flatteries and blandishments of a professed admirer. If you become unusually interested in a man hold your feelings in reserve, study him, analyze him, and above all do not let him know that you entertain other than the most casual feeling of friendship for him. In fact keep your relations on that plane until he has demonstrated his real worth. If he has serious weaknesses of character he will sooner or later disclose them and you can discontinue the friendship on some pretext or other, which it is always the lady's privilege to do. It is far better to discover his shortcomings before than after marriage.

Keep your ideals high. Do not marry a man inferior to yourself in social station, intelligence or education—and by this I do not mean that you shall be a prig or a snob. Let character be the test of your selection. Good character without education is better than education without character. But there is no reason why you should marry a man deficient in either respect. In your college life and afterwards you will be thrown in contact with many young men of fine character and attainments, and you will be sought after by such. Make your choice from among them wisely, prudently, warily.

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Do not allow any man to monopolize your time or society unless you are certain that he is your true mate, and not then until after he has declared his love, has proposed honorable marriage and been accepted by you. However, young people do not always know when they have met their true mates. Ofttimes they mistake a glamour of romance and sentiment for an abiding love, and rush inadvisedly into marriage only to find when it is too late that they have made a horrible mistake. Be wise—do not make this mistake. Call reason and common-sense to your aid. When in doubt, *wait*. Remember, the price of such an error (a lifetime of sorrow, unhappiness and bitter regret) is too great to justify taking any chance. By waiting you probably will live to bless the day when you decided to do so.

There is one broad general principle underlying the selection of a life mate which should be kept constantly in mind by both men and women. It is this: choose one who has *similar* moral, spiritual and intellectual tastes, (elevated tastes, of course) and *dissimilar* physical characteristics. That is to say, for example, if you have intellectual aspirations, if you have a taste for literature, music, the social amenities and the better things of life in general, marry some one who sympathizes with and appreciates your tastes. It stands to reason that you can be happier with one who sympathizes and agrees than with one who clashes and opposes, but do not infer

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from this that husband and wife, or sweethearts, should never disagree. An honest difference of opinion can usually be thrashed out or compromised—but too much disagreement is fatal to happiness. On the other hand the "law of opposites" holds good on the mental plane as well as on the physical to this extent: that if you recognize in yourself a want of talent in any direction, as for instance, for music, mathematics, or social intercourse, or have weaknesses of temperament of any kind, marry one who has these talents highly developed, or who is free from the defects which you realize in yourself.

In the great scheme of creation as it relates to mankind the fundamental purpose of the all-wise Author was to perpetuate and *improve* the race—not merely that there shall be reproduction of the species, but that the physical as well as the intellectual and spiritual *quality* of humanity shall advance as the generations pass. Progress, intellectually, spiritually and physically, is the keynote of God's great law of evolution. If humanity on the whole, or sections of humanity, or even individuals, do not progress—if children from generation to generation are not superior to their parents in form and health, in strength and beauty, in intellect and character, it is an indication either that the law of God has been neglected or deliberately violated—that the divine gift of reason to which I have alluded has not been utilized and error has been permitted to usurp reason's throne.

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But, you may ask, what application has this to the subject of marriage? Just this: that we can facilitate the operation of natural law by working in harmony and not at cross-purposes with it. In other words we can control the physical as well as the mental and moral attributes of our children by the judicious selection of our life-mates. Nature constantly tends to evolve the perfected type of man and woman, and to avoid extravagancies, eccentricities and abnormalities. Its processes are known as biological. The science of biology is a most interesting one that you will learn more about in your college course. A familiar example of biological processes is the natural tendency of men and women to be attracted by their physical opposites; a short man is attracted by a tall, graceful woman, and vice versa; a pronounced brunette is most often attracted by a blonde, and a thin person by one of stouter build. Of this attraction they may not be specially conscious —it is merely Nature's urge to preserve a proper balance of normal characteristics. The children of two very dark people or of two very light people are apt to have those qualities so accentuated as to differentiate them to the extent of a life handicap from the average of people around them.

From the foregoing I deduce for you the following general rules and suggestions:

(a) I think when you have attained your full growth you will be somewhat above the average

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height, with a slight tendency as you grow older to embonpoint. Therefore, do not marry a very tall man or one inclined to stoutness. Rather, you should marry a man of medium height inclined to spareness.

(b) You are blonde, small boned, small featured, with not a super-abundance of hair. Therefore, marry a man with a large well-shaped head, strong features, abundant dark hair, dark eyes (not necessarily dark skin,) and a good bony framework, with capable hands which should be shapely and not too large.

(c) Marry an educated, university trained American, of good habits, morals and health.

(d) Do not marry a man in whose immediate family there are insane, epileptic or tuberculous persons. This is extremely important, and you should make it your business by discreet inquiries to find out all you can about the health inheritance of any man in whom you may be seriously interested.

(e) Beware of a jealous man. Of all the despicable human emotions, one having its incentive in selfishness, vanity, egotism and narrow mindedness is that of jealousy. It is really the product of an unstable mind. "Trifles light as air, to the jealous are confirmation strong as proof of holy writ." Jealousy probably accounts for more marital unhappiness than any other one thing. It is to be distinguished, however, from justifiable cause. My admonition refers to the groundless, selfish type of

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suspicion that crucifies its unfortunate victim without sense or reason. It is more common than you would ordinarily suppose, and grows more intolerant with age. Drop the man who wants jealously to monopolize your society to the exclusion of other friends —he is unsafe.

(f) Do not marry a man who lacks poise or self-control. The want of these qualities is manifested by bursts of temper, an irritable disposition, undue pessimism, fits of despondency, et cetera. The habitual inability to control one's temper is a great handicap to success and happiness. It is a mark of instability of character. The weakness lies not in having a temper but in being unable to control it. In fact a person who is incapable of righteous indignation is at best a namby-pamby individual. The ability to hold one's temper in bounds is the test of strength and poise. A cool, calm, determined, just man is the ideal specimen of God's noblest work.

(g) It is hardly necessary to enjoin upon you not to marry for money alone; that is, deliberately to seek out and marry a man for his wealth regardless of his character or your own affection for him. I know you will be as incapable of that as you would of murder. But it is no objection to a man as a husband if he has money, provided he also has character and the incidental traits that go to make a real man. But remember this: that there are fewer young men of fine character among the wealthy than

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among those in moderate circumstances. I know this assertion will be strongly contested by some, but it has been my observation that the possession of wealth by young men has a tendency to demoralize their higher natures and accentuate by indulgence their weaknesses. Of course there are many notable exceptions. It takes a stronger character to withstand the temptations of wealth than of poverty. When you have found a rich young man of sterling character you have indeed found a treasure. I should much prefer to have you marry a poor man of good character but with the ability to make money, than a rich young man of doubtful character—your chances of happiness would be greater. But if it were possible to determine with exactness the matter of character then between two young men of equally high character and education, the one having wealth and the other having none, I should rely upon my personal preference for one or the other as a *man* to determine my choice.

I have now said all that I deem necessary on this very interesting and important subject. Perhaps I have said more than is necessary. I have only wanted to make sure that you are not left to grope in the dark with the marriage problems that will be sure to come to you some day. I have not attempted to depict to you a paragon whom it will never be possible to find, but only a clean, wholesome, true-hearted, high-minded American of whom there are

ON MARRIAGE

plenty in the world if you but exercise a little restraint and good judgment in discovering them. I would not have you fix your mind on an ideal unattainable in the world of men. To do so would not be conducive to your highest happiness, since if your ideal of a husband is unrealizable you might never marry at all, or if you did marry you might be disappointed with your choice, and you would then never know married happiness, which is the highest earthly happiness. Your old "Fab" wants you to be happily married some day, and that is my excuse for writing this chapter. May it be of some assistance to you in finding this happiness, is my prayer.

L'ENVOI

May you live long and be happy.

THE END

APPENDIX

NARRATIVE

By Eli Orebaugh

The following is the substance of a narrative which was related to me on December 31, 1910, by my father, Eli Orebaugh, upon a visit to him shortly before his death, which occurred on January 5, 1911.

"When my great-grandfather, Andrew Orebaugh, had served through the Revolutionary War, he was given by the government, in consideration of his services in the war, several thousand dollars of Continental money and a land warrant which entitled him to locate 300 acres of land in the Virginia Military District of the then Territory of Ohio. This district comprised the land lying between the Little Miami and Scioto rivers in the state of Ohio, and was set apart by the state of Virginia for location and settlement by soldiers of the Revolution from that state.

"My great-grandfather, Andrew, had two sons, Andrew and Jacob, the latter being my grandfather. About 1828, Jacob, with his family, emigrated to Highland County, Ohio, which county was included in the Military District above referred to. My great-grandfather had died before the departure of Jacob from Virginia, and the farm which he had bought in Rockingham County in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, and on which he lived at the time of his death, had gone by descent to the two sons, Andrew and Jacob. Shortly before the time of Jacob's departure for Ohio his brother Andrew assigned his interest in the land warrant to Jacob, and Jacob con-

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veyed to Andrew his, Jacob's, interest in the farm. It was arranged that the warrant should be delivered to Jacob on the day he was to start for Ohio, but through some mishap or oversight this was not done. All preparations having been made for the start, Jacob did not wait to get the warrant, but directed that it be sent to him. Some time after the family arrived in Ohio, a cousin of Jacob's of the name of Wise left Virginia, ostensibly for Ohio, and the land warrant was given to him to deliver to Jacob. Instead of carrying out his instructions Wise went on to Indiana taking the warrant with him. Failing to receive the warrant, Jacob wrote a letter to Virginia asking that it be forwarded to him. The reply to this letter advised that the warrant had been given to Wise as above stated. Jacob then wrote two or three letters to Wise in Indiana demanding that he return the warrant. Instead of doing so Wise replied that the warrant had been given into the custody of the congressman of the district in which Wise lived, who had taken it to Washington and left it there.

"All trace of the warrant was then lost until some years later, when an uncle of mine, a son of Jacob, went back to Virginia on a visit. While he was there visiting at the home of his uncle Andrew, a letter was received through the post-office addressed to Andrew Orebaugh. When opened it was found to contain the original land warrant! My uncle did not learn where the warrant came from. At any rate it had now got back into the hands of Andrew, who had assigned it to Jacob as above stated. Shortly afterwards, and while my uncle was still at his uncle's home, a man came by on horseback who seemed to know that the warrant was in Andrew's possession. He made various representations and finally persuaded

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Andrew to let him take the warrant, promising that the proper steps would be taken to locate the land under it for Jacob's account. The man rode away with the warrant, and neither he nor it was ever heard of afterward.

"Many years afterwards my father, who related the above circumstances to me, called on Congressman Tom Corwin of Lebanon, Ohio, an eminent lawyer of that day, to consult him as to the possibilities of recovering the rights and interest of Jacob under the warrant, but was informed by Mr. Corwin that any claim which might have been made under the warrant had been barred by the Statute of Limitations.

"With a part of the Continental money before mentioned Andrew purchased the farm in Rockingham County referred to above, and had some \$3000 left. Shortly thereafter this money became worthless because of the organization of the new government, and was allowed to lie around and become scattered here and there. My grandfather, Jacob, brought a part of it to Ohio, where it finally became lost and destroyed.¹

"There came a time many years afterwards when the government of the United States offered to redeem every dollar of this money at its face value, but the money having disappeared, the family, as a matter of course, realized nothing."

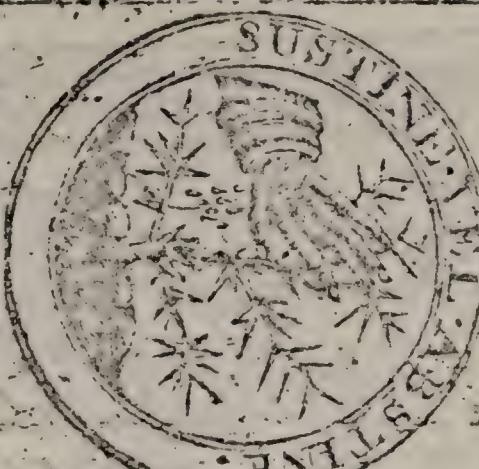
D. A. O.

¹One of the bills of the denomination of \$5 was salvaged and preserved by my uncle, Alfred Orebaugh, and is now in the possession of his widow, Maggie Orebaugh, of Los Angeles, Calif., who has lent it to me for photographic reproduction here.

NO.

FIVE DOLLARS.

THIS Bill entitles the
Bearer to receive FIVE
SPANISH-MILLED DOL-
LARS, or the Value there
of in GOLD or SILVER
according to a Resolution
passed by CONGRESS
at Philadelphia, Septem-
ber 26th, 1778.



FIVE DOLLARS.

Obverse Side of Continental \$5.00 Note



Reverse Side of Continental \$5.00 Note

OUTLINE
OF THE
OREBAUGH GENEALOGY IN AMERICA
WITH
BRIEF EXPLANATORY NOTES

This Outline is not designed to include all the Orebaughs who have been born in America. To prepare such an outline would be practically impossible; and were it possible would require more effort and time than I am able to give to it.

For want of time in which to make the necessary inquiries and investigations and because of the great amount of labor involved I have not attempted to follow out the female lines of descent. A sufficient number of the male descendants of each generation is given to enable any member of the family, male or female, to trace his or her descent from the original German immigrant, Andrew.

It is not unlikely that errors and omissions in names, dates, etc., will be found. These are mainly due to second-hand information on which I have been compelled to rely in some cases, to illegible or poorly written names and dates in the questionnaires that were returned to me, and the failure of many individuals even to return the questionnaires. I have done the best I could under the circumstances.

In the exponential system of outlining which I have adopted the large numerals, 1, 2, 3, etc., indicate the number of children of the persons (man and

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wife) whose names immediately precede the figures, while the small exponent figure denotes the generation removed from the original ancestor. Individuals having the same exponent are either brothers or sisters, or cousins of the first, second, third or fourth degree.

1¹ Andreas (Andrew) Overbach; date of birth and death unknown

Wife, Elizabeth (?)

NOTE.—Original immigrant from the German Palatinate. Landed in Philadelphia, September 19, 1732, from the English ship "The Johnson," sailing from Rotterdam, Holland; David Crocket, Master.

1² Phillip O.; date of birth and death unknown

Wife, (unknown)

NOTE.—It is not definitely known if Philip had children, but it is believed that Rudolph O. whose name appears in the United States census publication, "Heads of Families in Virginia at the close of the Revolutionary War," was his son. I also have reason to believe that the O.'s who came from Rockingham County, Virginia, and settled in Preble County, Ohio, and later in Shelbyville, Indiana, are descendants of Rudolph. However, owing to the uncertainty of the connection and the difficulty of tracing it, I have not included this branch of the family in this outline.

2² Johannes (John) O.; date of birth and death unknown

Wife, (unknown)

1³ Andrew O.; born 1750 (?); died 1805 (?).

Wife, (unknown)

NOTE.—Apparently the first to anglicize the name to its present form. Served throughout the Revolutionary War, attaining rank of captain. At the close of the war bought and settled on a farm in Rockingham County, Virginia. Met his death by falling from a ladder in his barn.

1⁴ Jacob O.; b. 1781 (?); d. January 18, 1840

Wife, Anna Fry

NOTE.—Soldier in the War of 1812, Captain

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Hamilton's company of the 116th Regiment of Virginia Militia. Honorableably discharged at Camp Crossroads, Maryland, December 1, 1814. Removed with his family in 1828 to Highland County, Ohio. Married Mary Taylor (2nd wife) February 1, 1831. Occupation, farmer.

1⁵ David O.; b. 1811; d. July 19, 1861; occupation, farmer

Wife, Sarah Caley; b. February 3, 1808; d. May 25, 1905

1⁶ Eli O.; b. June 10, 1834; d. January 5, 1911

Wife, Sarah Maxfield; b. July 1, 1836; d. October 12, 1909

NOTE.—Father of "Fab" and grandfather of Virginia Grace; soldier in the Civil War, 153rd Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry; member G. H. Neeld Post G. A. R., Cissna Park, Ill.; elected and served one term as Sheriff of Iroquois County, Ill.; occupation, farmer; politics, democrat; member of Christian Church; see sketch of life, *ante p. 32.*

1⁷ David A. O. ("Fab"); b. August 8, 1866; occupation, lawyer

Wife, (first) Lillian E. Wiley; b. June 9, 1866; d. April 29, 1908

Wife, (second) Sophie Mahlman; b. Aug. 3, 1877

1⁸ Virginia Grace O.; b. February 16, 1913

2⁷ Alice Kate O.; b. September 8, 1871

3⁷ Emma Clara O.; b. April 14, 1877; married Henry A. Buettner

"FAB,"—HIS LIFE, ETC.

4⁷ Bertha May O.; b. March 17, 1879; married Rev. H. R. Lookabill

1⁸ Lillian Eudora Lookabill; b. April 5, 1911

2⁶ Alfred O.; b. March 23, 1838; d. April 23, 1907
Wife, Maggie Day; b. August 11, 1869

NOTE.—Soldier in the Civil War, serving through two terms of enlistment; member G. A. R.; occupation, shoemaker, farmer, land owner; politics, republican.

1⁷ Lowell Herbert O.; b. February 5, 1901

3⁶ George Adam O.; b. February 2, 1840; d. March 6, 1920
Wife, Mary L. Murphy

NOTE.—Soldier in the Civil War; member G. A. R.; occupation, farmer, miller, coal dealer; politics, republican; member M. E. Church.

1⁷ John E. O.; b. September 29, 1874

Wife, Jessie Tucker Owens

NOTE.—Farmer and stock-raiser, and employed for many years by U. S. government as land appraiser under Federal Farm Loan Act, having under his jurisdiction the states of Ohio and Pennsylvania. Residence, Wilmington, Ohio; politics, republican; member M. E. Church.

2⁷ Fred D. O.; b. November 24, 1881; occupation, dairy expert and farmer
Wife, Julia Bonham

1⁸ Mabel Eleanor O.; b. July 6, 1918

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3⁷ Clarence E. O.; b. January 1, 1884; occupation, commercial and press photographer

Wife, Edith Heller

4⁶ Ephram Gardner O.; b. October 4, 1845; d. June 29, 1921

Wife, Sarah Miller

NOTE.—For many years newspaper reporter, editor and proprietor in Cincinnati and Columbus, Ohio. In later years real estate and loan broker. Educated in common schools and Antioch College. Soldier in the Civil War, 153rd Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Member of Wells Post G. A. R., Columbus; politics, republican.

1⁷ Wilbur J. O.; b. January 30, 1876; d. February 22, 1915; occupation, book-keeper

Wife, Augusta Theobald

1⁸ Howard T. O.; b. Mch. 19, 1903

2⁷ Earl G. O.; b. October 10, 1877; occupation, telephone manager; residence, Seattle, Wash.

Wife, Edythe L. Johnston

3⁷ Ralph W. O.; b. August 6, 1881; occupation, civil engineer

Wife, Mary Kearns

NOTE.—Employed as engineer for a number of years by Pennsylvania and New York concerns; City Manager of Westerville, Ohio, for several years; at present City Manager of Bradenton, Florida; politics, republican.

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1⁸ Paul K. O.; b. July 15, 1906
4⁷ Alfred W. O.; b. November 17, 1883; occupation, newspaper work
Wife, Emma Paas
1⁸ Mabel E. O.; b. September 3, 1907
2⁸ Earl G. O.; b. January 20, 1913
5⁷ Mabel Miller O.; b. July 29, 1879

NOTE.—Brilliant pianist; for many years engaged in concert work and teaching; a favorite pupil of Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler; favorably known in music circles throughout the country; has played as soloist with several famous orchestras; club woman; actively engaged in club work and civic affairs; married William O. Henderson, a St. Paul business man, and now resides at 682 Holly Avenue, in that city.

6⁷ Florence Ellen O.; b. Jan. 8, 1886; married Madison D. Murphy, Columbus, O.
5⁶ John Harvey O.; b. July 30, 1852; d. September 26, 1916
Wife, Ida Belle Swope

NOTE.—Occupation, miller and brick manufacturer; educated in common schools and National Normal University, Lebanon, Ohio; taught school for some years.

1⁷ Stella O.; b. February 24, 1877
2⁷ Eugene G. O.; b. December 3, 1879; d. May 17, 1883
3⁷ Bessie A. O.; b. June 24, 1880

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4⁷ Lou Ella O.; b. November 3, 1882

5⁷ Mary Belle O.; b. June 15, 1884

6⁷ Edna Clara O.; b. June 23, 1886

7⁷ Sarah Ellen O.; b. May 28, 1888

8⁷ John N. O.; b. October 5, 1890; occupation, miller; address, Norwalk, Ohio

9⁷ George E. O.; b. February 12, 1895; occupation, sales manager
Wife, Honor Halsey

1⁸ Georgiana O.; b. May 26, 1921

6⁶ Ellen Elizabeth O.; b February 12, 1848; d. November 25, 1919

NOTE.—Married Benjamin Ashton, of Nebraska City, Neb., banker; left a widow after few years of married life; had two sons, Edgar Lowell, prominent lawyer and now Mayor of the city of Twin Falls, Idaho; and Eugene A., prominent concert singer and teacher of Spokane, Wash.; second marriage Rev. W. P. Jackson.

7⁶ Mary Ann O.; b. March 14, 1836; d. October 8, 1884; married F. M. Maxfield

8⁶ Roxalana O.; born November 25, 1842; d. 1919; married Peter Sturgis (1) Dr. J. S. Gunn (2)

2⁵ Adam O.; b. February 22, 1814;

"FAB."—HIS LIFE, ETC.

d. unknown; occupation, farmer
Wife, Rebecca Screechfield
1⁶ Lydia A. O.; b. March 8,
1838; d. 1916
2⁶ Frances E. O.; b. November 7,
1844; married Joseph Cochran
3⁶ John L. O.; b. September 22,
1847; d. 1916; occupation,
lawyer
Wife, Lydia M. Wilkin
1⁷ George O.; b. July 25,
1871; d. 1925; occupation,
doctor
2⁷ Urban O.; b. October 2,
1874; occupation, printer,
montotype operator
4⁶ Andrew J. O.; b. October 16,
1855; occupation, musician,
orchestra-band leader
Wife, Mary Gegner
1⁷ Maud B. O.; date of birth
unknown; occupation, con-
cert violinist
3⁵ Jacob O.; b. December 29, 1824;
d. January 20, 1899; occupation,
farmer
Wife, Emma Predmore; b. Feb-
ruary 17, 1822; d. April 10, 1903
1⁶ James H. O.; b. June 9, 1852
Wife, Sarah E. Mathews
1⁷ Nellie M. O.; b. October
24, 1878
2⁷ Myrtle O.; b. August 7,
1880; d. January 13, 1882

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3⁷ Lewis O.; b. September 24, 1882

4⁷ George O.; b. December 29, 1884

5⁷ James Dewey O.; b. May 3, 1898

6⁷ Frank O.; b. January 29, 1886

2⁶ Michael O.; b. (unknown)

3⁶ Sarah J. O.; b. Feb. 7, 1846; d. April 6, 1873

4⁶ Rachel A. O.; b. October 26, 1847; d. February 24, 1897

5⁶ Mary E. O.; b. August 10, 1849; d. October 29, 1881

6⁶ Joseph E. O.; b. April 14, 1862; occupation, mail-carrier
Wife, Belle N. Stauffer

4⁵ Peter O.; b. March 25, 1825; date of death unknown; occupation, farmer
Wife, Catherine Ludwick; b. March 23, 1823

1⁶ Samuel O.; b. (unknown); occupation, farmer
Wife, Mary Elizabeth Lucas; date of birth unknown

1⁷ William Walter O.; b. (unknown); occupation, insurance agent
Wife, Iona Davis

2⁷ Edith Luella O.; married Hill M. Bell, President Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa

"FAB,"—HIS LIFE, ETC.

3⁷ Ida May O.; married Roy G. Inman

4⁷ Charles Henry O.; b. (unknown); occupation, dairyman

Wife, Rose Richard

5⁷ Claude Samuel O.; b (unknown); occupation, upholsterer

Wife, Madge Hill

6⁷ Estella Kathryn O.; married James W. McLaughlin

NOTE.—Samuel O. was born in Highland County, Ohio, but moved to Iowa many years ago, where the children above named were born. They and their families now reside in and around Des Moines, Iowa, and in Kansas.

5⁵ Henry O.; date of birth unknown; d. March 7, 1908; occupation, farmer

Wife, Hannah Sprinkle, d. September 25, 1906

1⁶ Lewis O.; date of birth unknown; occupation, farmer

2⁶ Carey O.; date of birth unknown; occupation, real estate dealer

Wife, Ellen Ketterman

3⁶ Ollie O.; married John Blake

4⁶ Elizabeth O.; married William Rector

5⁶ William H. O.; b. September 16, 1864

Wife, Elizabeth Plummer

NOTE.—Farmer, landowner, buyer and

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shipper of livestock, tobacco and grain; real estate broker and building contractor; County Commissioner of Adams County, Ohio, for seven years; member I. O. O. F., Knights of Pythias and Presbyterian Church; politics, democrat.

1⁷ Blanche Marie O.; b. March 31, 1890; married Earl Taylor

2⁷ Grace Maude O.; b. September 16, 1892; married P. B. McClanahan

3⁷ Ethel Anna O.; b. July 4, 1894; married William Neal

4⁷ Nelle Rosetta O.; b. October 3, 1896

NOTE.—Teacher in Columbus, Ohio, public schools; educated in elementary common schools, High School, and Ohio and Otterbein Universities; advanced student in dramatic art and expression (Leland Powers System of Dramatics, Columbus, Ohio, and Grace Hickox School, Chicago; Dalcroze System of Eurythmics under Miss Wells, of London, England); on broadcasting staff of W. A. I. U. and W. E. A. O. radio stations, Columbus; has taken leading parts in numerous high class amateur productions; member Drama League of America.

5⁷ John Willard O.; b. October 25, 1898; occupation, real estate broker and building contractor

Wife, Thelma Raines

1⁸ Virginia Lee O.; b. February 3, 1925

6⁵ James O.; b. (unknown); occupation, farmer

7⁵ John O.; b. (unknown)

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8⁵ Sarah Jane O.; b. (unknown)
9⁵ Elizabeth O.; b. (unknown)
10⁵ Susan O.; b. (unknown)
11⁵ Eve O.; b. (unknown)
12⁵ Lydia O.; b. (unknown)
13⁵ Delilah O.; b. (unknown)
2⁴ Andrew O.; b. (unknown); d. September 12, 1864; soldier in war of 1812; occupation, farmer
Wife, Hannah Fry; b. (unknown); d. September 15, 1852

NOTE.—Brother of Jacob (14), and one of the two sons of Andrew, revolutionary soldier (13.) Andrew remained in Virginia while Jacob removed to Ohio. All of the O's hereinaster named are descendants of Andrew, and most of them have lived and died or are still living in Virginia. Some, however, have left their native state and established homes and branches of the family in other states, notably in Indiana, (in and around Muncie, Marion and Indianapolis,) Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma and perhaps others. At the outbreak of the Civil War the O's in Virginia divided on the questions of secession and slavery, and enlisted in about equal numbers in the Federal and Confederate armies.

1⁵ Solomon O.; b. and d. unknown
Wife, unknown
1⁶ Andrew O.; b. and d. unknown
2⁶ David O.; b. and d. unknown
3⁶ Jacob O.; b. and d. unknown
4⁶ Mary O.; b. and d. unknown
2⁵ John O.; b. July 22, 1789; d. November 25, 1872
Wife, unknown
1⁶ Margaret A. O.; b. May 26, 1816; d. March 11, 1856
2⁶ Mary E. O.; b. and d. unknown
3⁶ Samuel O.; b. (unknown); d. 1864

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4⁶ George A. O.; b. January 25, 1818; d. 1864
Wife, unknown

1⁷ Gideon A. O.; b. December 19, 1845; d. August 15, 1864

2⁷ Leanah B. O.; b. May 14, 1847

3⁷ John L. O.; b. August 23, 1851

4⁷ Mary A. O.; b. April 9, 1854

5⁷ Daniel J. O.; b. February 27, 1856; d. October 15, 1861

6⁷ Andrew J. O.; b. March 8, 1858; d. August 15, 1864

7⁷ Sarah R. O.; b. April 14, 1861

8⁷ James H. O.; b. August 20, 1863

9⁷ Martha J. C. O.; b. November 28, 1865

10⁷ Cyrus M. O.; b. September 27, 1849
Wife, unknown

1⁸ William L. O.; b. March 23, 1877

2⁸ Anna P. M. O.; b. Mch. 12, 1882; d. November 8, 1896

3⁸ Bishop A. O.; b. January 4, 1888

3⁵ Samuel O.; b. and d. unknown
Wife, unknown

"FAB,"—HIS LIFE, ETC.

1⁶ Jacob O.; b. and d. unknown

2⁶ Susan O.; b. and d. unknown

3⁶ Alice O.; b. and d. unknown

4⁵ Noah O.; b. and d. unknown

Wife, unknown

1⁶ John O.; b. and d. unknown

2⁶ Reuben O.; b. and d. unknown

3⁶ Ophelia O.; b. and d. unknown

4⁶ Catherine O.; b. and d. unknown

5⁵ William O.; b. and d. unknown

Wife, Sarah Baumgartner

1⁶ Joseph O.; b. and d. unknown

Wife, unknown

1⁷ Mollie O.; b. (unknown)

2⁷ William O.; b. (unknown)

3⁷ Ira O.; b. (unknown); d. May 17, 1912; occupation, musician

Wife, Emma Herbst

1⁸ Marguerite O.; b. December 22, 1904

4⁷ Samuel O.; b. (unknown)

5⁷ Louis O.

6⁷ Emma O.

7⁷ Homer O.

8⁷ Charles O.

9⁷ Ada O.

10⁷ Anna O.

11⁷ Effie O.

2⁶ John H. O.; b. May 15, 1851; occupation, building contractor

Wife, Mary E. Bowman; b. Nov. 21, 1849

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1⁷ Oscar B. O.; b. Feb. 10, 1876
Wife, Emma R. Siemers

1⁸ Gaylon B. O.; b. May 3, 1900; d. Feb., 1921
Wife, Grace Wheelbarger

2⁸ Gladys R. O.; b. Feb. 4, 1903; married James Maloney

3⁸ Nevin L. O.; b. June 30, 1905

4⁸ John W. O.; b. May 2, 1909

5⁸ Oscar T. O.; b. Dec. 6, 1915

6⁸ Elizabeth E. O.; b. Oct. 29, 1919

7⁸ Marshall B. O.; b. Mch. 3, 1923

2⁷ Harley I. O.; b. Jan. 24, 1878; d. Mch. 31, 1884

3⁷ Lilia C. V. O.; b. July 15, 1874; d. Sept. 18, 1874

4⁷ Melvin L. O.; b. Nov. 4, 1879
Wife, Elizabeth Brooks

5⁷ Beulah F. O.; b. Feb. 15, 1882; married George C. Miller

6⁷ Minnie M. O.; b. Feb. 4, 1885; married Edgar C. Branner

7⁷ Lula P. O.; b. Sept. 17, 1886; married Daniel O'Donnell

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8⁷ Elan T. O.; b. Sept. 26, 1889
Wife, Blanche Powell

9⁷ Lillie M. O.; b. Feb. 27, 1891; married George S. Riggins

3⁶ Sampson O.; b. Oct. 15, 1843; d. Aug. 23, 1905

4⁶ George O.; b. Sept. 22, 1854; d. Sept. 22, 1914
Wife, Virginia Minnick; b. Jan. 2, 1856

1⁷ Grace I. O.; b. (unknown); married W. Arthur Bradley

5⁶ Jackson O.

6⁶ Susannah O.

7⁶ Elizabeth O.

6⁵ Martin O.; b. July 31, 1796; d. May 10, 1867
Wife, Susanna Aylor; b. Oct. 20, 1799; d. June 7, 1866

1⁶ David K. O.; b. Dec. 13, 1820; d. 1891
Wife, Rebecca Griffith; b. (unknown); d. 1886

1⁷ John A. O.
Wife, Emma Naylor

1⁸ Maud O.

2⁸ Fannie O.

3⁸ Ottie O.

4⁸ Linden O.

5⁸ Walter O.

6⁸ Nettie O.

2⁷ Elizabeth S. O.

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3⁷ Nancy O.
2⁶ Louis O.; b. April 21, 1826
Wife, Julia Armentrout
1⁷ Stephen E. O.
Wife, Sarah Laza
1⁸ Ada O.; b. July 10,
1880
2⁸ Lottie O.; b. Oct. 11,
1882; married Rev. N.
F. A. Cupp
3⁸ John Walter O.; b. Feb.
9, 1885; occupation,
bank cashier
Wife, Vernon Wylie
1⁹ John Walter O. Jr.;
b. Jan. 7, 1920
2⁹ Eliza Lloyd O.; b.
Jan. 19, 1923
4⁸ Ella M. O.; b. April 5,
1892; occupation, gov-
ernment clerk
5⁸ William C. O.; b. April
5, 1892; occupation,
mechanic
6⁸ Samuel E. O.; b. May
13, 1897; occupation,
bank clerk
Wife, Grace Huffman
7⁸ Laura Bell O.; b. May
23, 1889; married Clif-
ton Dyche
3⁶ John W. O.; b. Feb. 20, 1831;
d. Sept. 3, 1888
Wife, (1st) Elizabeth E. Miller
1⁷ Paul J. O.; b. Dec. 21, 1857

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Wife, Sarah J. Landes
1⁸ Emmett L. O.
2⁸ William O.
3⁸ Paul Y. O.
4⁸ Oran B. O.
2⁷ James H. O.; b. June, 1860
Wife, (1st) Minnie Byers
Wife, (2nd) Emma Roller
1⁸ Myrtle O.
2⁸ Bernard O.
3⁷ Ida B. O.; b. Aug., 1866
Wife, (2nd) Martha A.
Stover
4⁷ Edward S. O.
5⁷ Harry C. O.
4⁶ Henry Wayland O.; b. Jan. 6,
1824
7⁵ Adam O.
Wife, Sarah Sluss
1⁶ James H. Obaugh; b. Oct. 22,
1812; d. Feb. 22, 1883
Wife, Mary E. Pond

NOTE.—James H. was born in Virginia, from whence he removed when a young man to Arkadelphia, Ark., where he engaged in the contracting business. Later he was admitted to the bar and elected County Judge, in which office he served several terms. He was a man of more than ordinary ability and force of character, and, judging from obituary notices which have come to my hand in the course of my investigations, his death was greatly lamented by the community. He dropped the letters "r-e" from the name, thereafter writing it "Obaugh." Some, though not all, of his immediate relatives followed his example, and they and their descendants have continued to use the abbreviated form.

APPENDIX

2⁶ Elizabeth C. O.; b. Mch. 6, 1811; d. Mch. 19, 1894
3⁶ Mariah B. O.
4⁶ Margaret O.
5⁶ George L. O.; b. July 24, 1822; d. Nov. 5, 1907
Wife, Mary Brenaman; b. Nov. 23, 1824; d. Mch. 19, 1901
1⁷ Samuel H. O.; b. May 18, 1848; d. (unknown)
Wife, Sarah C. Propes
1⁸ Ida Elizabeth O.; b. Nov. 13, 1872; d. Jan. 27, 1877
2⁸ David L. O.; b. Jan. 10, 1875
3⁸ Mary Ella O.; b. Feb. 10, 1877
4⁸ Myrtle May O.; b. Nov. 8, 1879
5⁸ William Booker O.; b. Dec. 6, 1892
2⁷ James A. O.; b. Mch. 26, 1854
Wife, Mary J. Propes; b. Sept. 20, 1858
1⁸ Edna B. O.; b. June 29, 1881
2⁸ Owen B. O.; b. May 4, 1884
3⁸ Roxy B. O.; b. Jan. 6, 1886
4⁸ Elizabeth B. O.; b. Mch. 23, 1890

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5⁸ Beatrice O.; b. 1893
6⁸ Beulah O.; b. 1897
3⁷ William A. O.
Wife, Mary B. Hoffman
1⁸ Bliss E. O.; b. Sept. 18,
1881
2⁸ Fred H. O.; b. Jan. 28,
1893

6⁶ Ephraim W. O.; b. 1824
Wife, Margaret Bowen

NOTE.—Ephraim and his children were
among those of James H's relatives who did
not change the spelling of the name.

1⁷ Martin D. O.; b. Aug. 30,
1855
Wife, Mary C. Rupkey; b.
Jan. 16, 1860
1⁸ Clara O.; b. Oct. 31,
1882
2⁸ John A. O.; b. Aug. 28,
1888
3⁸ Mabel C. O.; b. May 2,
1890
4⁸ William P. O.; b. July
28, 1893
5⁸ Raymond O.; b. May 4,
1897
6³ Ruth O.; b. July 8,
1900
2⁷ Sarah C. O.; married Frank
King
3⁷ John A. O.
4⁷ Fannie O.
5⁷ Amantha O.
6⁷ Elbert O.

APPENDIX

7⁷ Paul O.
7⁶ Henry O.
8⁶ Mary Jane O.
9⁶ Ann O.
10⁶ William W. O.; b. Dec. 2;
1842; d. 1913; occupation,
merchant tailor
Wife, Margaret E. Ferren; b.
Jan. 19, 1846
1⁷ Nettie Laura O.; b. Sept.
30, 1871; d. Nov. 20, 1882
2⁷ Rosalie Sarah O.; b. Nov.
20, 1869; d. June 27, 1870
3⁷ Margaret Estelle O.; b. Jan.
2, 1875;
4⁷ Willetta Aimee O.; b. Feb.
9, 1879; occupation, Sec'y
to Pres., Ohio State Univ.
5⁷ Charles William O.; b. Dec.
15, 1883
Wife, (unknown)
1⁸ Margaret Louise O.

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